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**SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE.**



# SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE,

WITH OTHERS

## RELIGIOUS POEMS.

BY

FELICIA HEMANS.

“ How beautiful this dome of sky,  
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fix'd  
At thy command, how awful! Shall the soul,  
Human and rational, report of Thee  
Even less than these ? ”

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH ;  
AND T. CADELL, LONDON.

MDCCCXXXIV.

142.



EDINBURGH :  
**PETER BROWN, PRINTER. LADY STAIR'S CLOSE.**

TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Esq.

IN TOKEN OF DEEP RESPECT

FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND FERVENT GRATITUDE

FOR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL BENEFIT

DERIVED FROM REVERENTIAL COMMUNION

WITH THE SPIRIT OF HIS POETRY,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

FELICIA HEMANS.



## P R E F A C E.

---

I TRUST I shall not be accused of presumption for the endeavour which I have here made to enlarge, in some degree, the sphere of Religious Poetry, by associating with its themes more of the emotions, the affections, and even the purer imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than may have been hitherto admitted within the hallowed circle.

It has been my wish to portray the religious spirit, not alone in its meditative joys and solitary aspirations, (the poetic embodying of which seems to require from the reader a state of mind already separated and exalted,) but likewise in those active influences upon human life, so often called into victorious energy by trial and conflict, though too often also, like the upward-striving flame of a mountain watch-fire, borne down by tempest showers, or swayed by the current of opposing winds.

I have sought to represent that spirit as penetrating the gloom of the prison and the death-bed, bearing “healing on its wings” to the agony of parting love—strengthening the heart of the wayfarer for “perils in the wilderness”—gladdening the domestic walk through field and woodland—and springing to life in the soul of childhood, along with its earliest rejoicing perceptions of natural beauty.

Circumstances not altogether under my own control have, for the present, interfered to prevent the fuller developement of a plan which I yet hope more worthily to mature, and I lay this little volume before the public with that deep sense of deficiency which cannot be more impressively taught to human powers, than by their reverential application to things divine.

F. H.

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## THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

A SCENE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

---

Thy face  
Is all at once spread over with a calm  
More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy !  
I am no more disconsolate.

WILSON.

---

*Scene in a Prison.*

**EDITH alone.**

*Edith.* Morn once again ! Morn in the lone dim cell,  
The cavern of the prisoner's fever dream,  
And morn on all the green rejoicing hills,  
And the bright waters round the prisoner's home,

Far, far away ! Now wakes the early bird  
That in the lime's transparent foliage sings,  
Close to my cottage lattice—he awakes,  
To stir the young leaves with his gushing soul,  
And to call forth rich answers of delight  
From voices buried in a thousand trees,  
Through the dim starry hours. Now doth the lake  
Darken and flash in rapid interchange  
Unto the matin breeze ; and the blue mist  
Rolls, like a furling banner, from the brows  
Of the forth-gleaming hills and woods that rise  
As if new-born. Bright world ! and I am here !  
And thou, O thou ! th' awakening thought of whom  
Was more than dayspring, dearer than the sun,  
Herbert ! the very glance of whose clear eye  
Made my soul melt away to one pure fount  
Of living, bounding gladness !—where art *thou* ?  
My friend ! my only and my blessed love !  
Herbert, my soul's companion !

[*GOMEZ, a Spanish Priest, enters.*

*Gomez.*                    Daughter, hail !  
I bring thee tidings.  
*Edith.*                    Heaven will aid my soul  
Calmly to meet whate'er thy lips announce.  
*Gomez.* Nay, lift a song of thanksgiving to Heaven,  
And bow thy knee down for deliverance won !  
Hast thou not pray'd for life ? and wouldest thou not  
Once more be free ?

*Edith.*                    Have I not pray'd for life ?  
I, that am so belov'd ! that love again  
With such a heart of tendrils ? Heaven ! *thou* know'st  
The gushings of my prayer ! And would I not  
Once more be free ? I, that have been a child  
Of breezy hills, a playmate of the fawn  
In ancient woodlands from mine infancy !  
A watcher of the clouds and of the stars,  
Beneath the adoring silence of the night ;  
And a glad wanderer with the happy streams,  
Whose laughter fills the mountains ! Oh ! to hear  
*Their blessed sounds again !*

*Gomez.*                           Rejoice, rejoice !

Our Queen hath pity, maiden, on thy youth ;  
She wills not thou shouldst perish.—I am come  
To loose thy bonds.

*Edith.*                           And shall I see *his* face,

And shall I listen to *his* voice again,  
And lay my head upon his faithful breast,  
Weeping there in my gladness ?   *Will* this be ?—  
Blessings upon thee, father ! my quick heart  
Hath deem'd thee stern—say, wilt thou not forgive  
The wayward child, too long in sunshine rear'd,  
Too long unus'd to chastening ?   Wilt thou not ?—  
But, Herbert, Herbert ! Oh, my soul hath rush'd  
On a swift gust of sudden joy away,  
Forgetting all beside !   Speak, father, speak !  
Herbert—is he too free ?

*Gomez.*                           His freedom lies

In his own choice—a boon like thine.

*Edith.*                           Thy words

Fall changed and cold upon my boding heart.

Leave not this dim suspense o'ershadowing me.

Let all be told.

*Gomez.*                   The monarchs of the earth

Shower not their mighty gifts without a claim

Unto some token of true vassalage,

Some mark of homage.

*Edith.*                   Oh ! unlike to *Him*,

Who freely pours the joy of sunshine forth,

And the bright quickening rain, on those who serve

And those who heed him not !

*Gomez*, (*laying a paper before her.*) Is it so much  
That thine own hand should set the crowning seal

To thy deliverance ? Look, thy task is here !

Sign but these words for liberty and life.

*Edith*, (*examining and then throwing it from her.*)

Sign but these words ! and wherefore saidst thou not,

“ Be but a traitor to God's light within ? ” —

Cruel, oh, cruel ! thy dark sport hath been

With a young bosom's hope ! Farewell, glad life !

Bright opening path to love and home farewell !

And thou—now leave me with my God alone !

*Gomer.* Dost thou reject Heaven's mercy ?

*Edith.*                           Heaven's ! doth *Heaven*

Woo the free spirit for dishonour'd breath

To sell its birthright ? doth *Heaven* set a price

On the clear jewel of unsullied faith,

And the bright calm of conscience ? Priest, away !

God hath been with me 'midst the holiness

Of England's mountains—not in sport alone

I trod their heath-flowers—but high thoughts rose up

From the broad shadow of the enduring rocks,

And wander'd with me into solemn glens,

Where my soul felt the beauty of His word.

I have heard voices of immortal truth,

Blent with the everlasting torrent-sounds

That make the deep hills tremble.—Shall I quail ?

Shall England's daughter sink ?—No ! He who there

Spoke to my heart in silence and in storm,

Will not forsake his child !

*Gomez, (turning from her.)* Then perish ! lost  
In thine own blindness !

*Edith, (suddenly throwing herself at his feet,) Father ! hear me yet !*

Oh ! if the kindly touch of human love  
Hath ever warmed thy breast—

*Gomez.* Away—away !

I know not love.

*Edith.* Yet hear ! if thou hast known  
The tender sweetness of a mother's voice—  
If the true vigil of affection's eye  
Hath watch'd thy childhood—if fond tears have e'er  
Been shower'd upon thy head—if parting words  
E'er pierced thy spirit with their tenderness—  
Let me but look upon *his* face once more,  
Let me but say—Farewell, my soul's beloved !  
And I will bless thee still !

*Gomez, (aside.)* Her soul may yield,  
Beholding him in fetters ; woman's faith  
Will bend to woman's love—

Thy prayer is heard ;  
Follow, and I will guide thee to his cell.

*Edith.* Oh ! stormy hour of agony and joy !  
But I shall see him—I shall hear his voice !

[*They go out.*

## SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Prison.*

HERBERT—EDITH.

*Edith.* Herbert, my Herbert ! is it thus we meet ?  
*Herbert.* The voice of my own Edith ! Can such  
joy  
Light up this place of death ? And do I feel  
Thy breath of love once more upon my cheek,  
And the soft floating of thy gleamy hair,  
My blessed Edith ? Oh ! so pale ! so changed !

My flower, my blighted flower ! thou that wert made  
For the kind fostering of sweet summer airs,  
How hath the storm been with thee !—Lay thy head  
On this true breast again, my gentle one !  
And tell me all.

*Edith.*                  Yes, take me to thy heart,  
For I am weary, weary ! Oh ! that heart !  
The kind, the brave, the tender !—how my soul  
Hath sicken'd in vain yearnings for the balm  
Of rest on that warm heart !—full, deep repose !  
One draught of dewy stillness after storm !  
And God hath pitied me, and I am here—  
Yet once before I die !

*Herbert.*                  They *cannot* slay  
One, young and meek, and beautiful as thou !  
My broken lily ! Surely the long days  
Of the dark cell have been enough for *thee* !  
Oh ! thou shalt live, and raise thy gracious head  
Yet in calm sunshine.

*Edith.*                      *Herbert ! I have cast  
The snare of proffer'd mercy from my soul,  
This very hour. God to the weak hath given  
Victory o'er life and death !—The tempter's price  
Hath been rejected—Herbert, I must die.*

*Herbert.* O Edith ! Edith ! I, that led thee first  
From the old path wherein thy fathers trod—  
I, that received it as an angel's task,  
To pour the fresh light on thine ardent soul,  
Which drank it as a sun-flower—I have been  
Thy guide to death !

*Edith.*                      *To Heaven ! my guide to Heaven,  
My noble and my blessed ! Oh ! look up,  
Be strong, rejoice, my Herbert ! But for *thee*  
How could my spirit have sprung up to God,  
Through the dark cloud which o'er its vision hung,  
The night of fear and error ? thy dear hand  
First raised that veil, and shewed the glorious world  
My heritage beyond—Friend ! love and friend !*

It was as if thou gavest me mine own soul  
In those bright days ! Yes ! a new earth and heaven,  
And a new sense for all their splendours born,  
These were thy gifts ! and shall I not rejoice  
To die, upholding their immortal worth,  
Even for *thy* sake ? Yes, filled with nobler life  
By thy pure love, made holy to the truth,  
Lay me upon the altar of thy God,  
The first fruits of thy ministry below ;  
*Thy* work, thine own !

*Herbert.* My love, my sainted love !  
Oh ! I *can* almost yield thee unto heaven ;  
Earth would but sully thee ! Thou must depart,  
With the rich crown of thy celestial gifts  
Untainted by a breath ! And yet, alas !  
Edith ! what dreams of holy happiness,  
Even for *this* world, were ours ! the low, sweet home—  
The pastoral dwelling, with its ivied porch,  
And lattice gleaming through the leaves—and thou,  
My life's companion !—Thou, beside my hearth,

Sitting with thy meek eyes, or greeting me  
Back from brief absence with thy bounding step,  
In the green meadow path, or by my side  
Kneeling—thy calm uplifted face to mine,  
In the sweet hush of prayer ! and now—oh ! now—  
How have we loved—how fervently, how long !  
And *this* to be the close !

Where no harsh voice of worldliness disturbs  
The Sabbath-peace of love. We will go hence,  
Together with our wedded souls, to Heaven :  
No solitary lingering, no cold void,  
No dying of the heart ! Our lives have been  
Lovely through faithful love, and in our deaths  
We will not be divided.

*Herbert.*                            Oh ! the peace  
Of God is lying far within thine eyes,  
Far underneath the mist of human tears,  
Lighting those blue still depths, and sinking thence  
On my worn heart. Now am I girt with strength,  
Now I can bless thee, my true bride for Heaven !

*Edith.* And let me bless *thee*, Herbert ! in this  
hour

Let my soul bless thee with prevailing might !  
Oh ! thou hast loved me nobly ! thou didst take  
An orphan to thy heart, a thing unprized  
And desolate ; and thou didst guard her there,  
That long and lowly creature, as a pearl

Of richest price ; and thou didst fill her soul  
With the high gifts of an immortal wealth.—  
I bless, I bless thee ! Never did thine eye  
Look on me but in glistening tenderness,  
My gentle Herbert ! Never did thy voice  
But in affection's deepest music speak  
To thy poor Edith ! Never was thy heart  
Aught but the kindest sheltering home to mine,  
My faithful, generous Herbert ! Woman's peace  
Ne'er on a breast so tender and so true  
Reposed before.—Alas ! thy showering tears  
Fall fast upon my cheek—forgive, forgive !  
I should not melt thy noble strength away  
In such an hour.

*Herbert.* Sweet Edith, no ! my heart  
Will fail no more ; God bears me up through thee,  
And, by thy words, and by the heavenly light  
Shining around thee, through thy very tears,  
Will yet sustain me ! Let us call on him !  
Let us kneel down, as we have knelt so oft,

Thy pure cheek touching mine, and call on Him,  
Th' all-pitying One, to aid.

[*They kneel.*

O, look on us,  
Father above ! in tender mercy look  
On us, thy children ! through th' o'ershadowing cloud  
Of sorrow and mortality, send aid,  
Save or we perish ! we would pour our lives  
Forth as a joyous offering to thy truth,  
But we are weak—we, the bruised reeds of earth,  
Are sway'd by every gust. Forgive, O God !  
The blindness of our passionate desires,  
The fainting of our hearts, the lingering thoughts,  
Which cleave to dust ! Forgive the strife ; accept  
The sacrifice, though dim with mortal tears,  
From mortal pangs wrung forth ! And if our souls,  
In all the fervent dreams, the fond excess,  
Of their long-clasping love, have wander'd not,  
Holiest ! from thee ; oh ! take them to thyself,  
After the fiery trial, take them home

To dwell, in that imperishable bond  
Before thee linked, for ever. Hear, through Him  
Who meekly drank the cup of agony,  
Who passed through death to victory, hear and save !  
Pity us, Father ! we are girt with snares ;  
Father in Heaven ! we have no help but thee.

[*They rise.*

Is thy soul strengthened, my beloved one ?  
O Edith ! couldst thou lift up thy sweet voice,  
And sing me that old solemn-breathing hymn  
We loved in happier days—the strain which tells  
Of the dread conflict in the olive shade ?

[*She sings.*

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and pray'd,  
When but his Father's eye  
Look'd through the lonely garden's shade  
On that dread agony ;  
The Lord of All above, beneath,  
Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,  
The stars might well grow dim.  
When this mortality had power  
So to o'ershadow HIM !  
That He who gave man's breath, might know  
The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all ! the doubt, the strife,  
The faint perplexing dread,  
The mists that hang o'er parting life,  
All gather'd round his head ;  
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—  
Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away !

It pass'd not—though the stormy wave  
Had sunk beneath his tread ;  
It pass'd not—though to him the grave  
Had yielded up its dead.  
But there was sent him from on high  
A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the sinless thus beset  
With anguish and dismay ?  
How may *we* meet our conflict yet,  
In the dark narrow way ?  
Thro' Him—thro' Him, that path who trod—  
Save, or we perish, Son of God !

Hark, hark ! the parting signal.

[*Prison attendants enter.*

Fare-thee-well !

O thou unutterably loved, farewell !

Let our hearts bow to God !

*Herbert.*                  One last embrace—

On earth the last !—We have eternity

For love's communion yet !—Farewell—farewell !—

[*She is led out.*

'Tis o'er—the bitterness of death is past !

FLOWERS AND MUSIC IN A ROOM OF  
SICKNESS.

---

Once, when I look'd along the laughing earth,  
Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air,  
Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark's song,  
I wept ! and thought how sad for one so young  
To bid farewell to so much happiness.  
But Christ hath call'd me from this lower world,  
Delightful though it be.

WILSON.

---

*Apartment in an English Country-House.—LILIAN reclining, as sleeping on a couch. Her Mother watching beside her. Her Sister enters with flowers.*

• *Mother. Hush, lightly tread ! still tranquilly she sleeps,*  
*As, when a babe, I rock'd her on my heart.*

I've watch'd, suspending e'en my breath, in fear  
To break the heavenly spell. Move silently !  
And oh ! those flowers ! dear Jessy, bear them hence—  
Dost thou forget the passion of quick tears  
That shook her trembling frame, when last we brought  
The roses to her couch ? Dost thou not know  
What sudden longings for the woods and hills,  
Where once her free steps moved so buoyantly,  
These leaves and odours with strange influence wake  
In her fast-kindled soul ?

*Lilian, (raising herself.) Is that my Jessy's voice?  
It woke me not, sweet mother! I had lain  
Silently, visited by waking dreams,  
Yet conscious of thy brooding watchfulness,*

Long ere I heard the sound. Hath she brought flowers?  
Nay, fear not now thy fond child's waywardness,  
My thoughtful mother!—in her chasten'd soul  
The passion-colour'd images of life,  
Which, with their sudden startling flush awoke  
So oft those burning tears, have died away;  
And night is there—still, solemn, holy night,  
With all her stars, and with the gentle tune  
Of many fountains, low and musical,  
By day unheard.

*Mother.* And wherefore *night*, my child?  
Thou art a creature all of life and dawn,  
And from thy couch of sickness yet shalt rise,  
And walk forth with the day-spring.

*Lilian.* Hope it not!  
Dream it no more, my mother!—there are things  
Known but to God, and to the parting soul,  
Which feels his thrilling summons.

But my words  
Too much o'ershadow those kind loving eyes.

Bring me thy flowers, dear Jessy ! Ah ! thy step,  
Well do I see, hath not alone explored  
The garden bowers, but freely visited  
Our wilder haunts. This foam-like meadow-sweet  
Is from the cool green shadowy river nook,  
Where the stream chimes around th' old mossy stones  
With sounds like childhood's laughter. Is that spot  
Lovely as when our glad eyes hail'd it first ?  
Still doth the golden willow bend, and sweep  
The clear brown wave with every passing wind ?  
And thro' the shallower waters, where they lie  
Dimpling in light, do the vein'd pebbles gleam  
Like bedded gems ? And the white butterflies,  
From shade to sun-streak are they glancing still  
Among the poplar boughs ?

*Jessy.*                                   All, all is there

Which glad midsummer's wealthiest hours can bring ;  
All, save the *soul* of all, thy lightening smile !  
Therefore I stood in sadness 'midst the leaves,  
And caught an under-music of lament

In the stream's voice ; but Nature waits thee still,  
And for thy coming piles a fairy throne  
Of richest moss.

*Lilian.*            Alas ! it may not be !  
My soul hath sent her farewell voicelessly,  
To all these blessed haunts of song and thought ;  
Yet not the less I love to look on these,  
Their dear memorials ;—strew them o'er my couch,  
Till it grow like a forest bank in spring,  
All flush'd with violets and anemones.  
  
Ah ! the pale brier rose ! touch'd so tenderly,  
As a pure ocean shell, with faintest red,  
Melting away to pearliness !—I know  
How its long light festoons o'erarching hung  
From the grey rock, that rises alter-like,  
With its high waving crown of mountain ash,  
'Midst the lone grassy dell. And this rich bough  
Of honey'd woodbine, tells me of the oak  
Whose deep midsummer gloom sleeps heavily,  
Shedding a verdurous twilight o'er the face

Of the glade's pool. Methinks I see it now ;  
I look up through the stirring of its leaves  
Unto the intense blue crystal firmament.  
The ring-dove's wing is flitting o'er my head,  
Casting at times a silvery shadow down  
'Midst the large water-lilies. Beautiful !  
How beautiful is all this fair free world  
Under God's open sky !

*Mother.*                           Thou art o'erwrought  
Once more, my child ! The dewy trembling light  
Presaging tears, again is in thine eye.  
O, hush, dear Lilian ! turn thee to repose.

*Lilian.* Mother ! I cannot. In my soul the  
thoughts  
Burn with too subtle and too swift a fire ;  
Importunately to my lips they throng,  
And with their earthly kindred seek to blend  
Ere the veil drop between. When I am gone—  
(For I *must* go)—then the remember'd words  
Wherein these wild imaginings flow forth,

Will to thy fond heart be as amulets  
Held there with life and love. And weep not thus !  
Mother ! dear sister ! kindest, gentlest ones !  
Be comforted that now *I* weep no more  
For the glad earth and all the golden light  
Whence I depart,  
No ! God hath purified my spirit's eye,  
And in the folds of this consummate rose  
I read bright prophecies. I see not there,  
Dimly and mournfully, the word "*farewell*"  
On the rich petals traced : No—in soft veins  
And characters of beauty, I can read—  
“ *Look up, look heavenward !* ”

Blessed God of Love !

I thank thee for these gifts, the precious links  
Whereby my spirit unto thee is drawn !  
I thank thee that the loveliness of earth  
Higher than earth can raise me ! Are not these  
But germs of things unperishing, that bloom  
Beside th' immortal streams ? Shall I not find

The lily of the field, the Saviour's flower,  
In the serene and never-moaning air,  
And the clear starry light of angel eyes,  
A thousand-fold more glorious? Richer far  
Will not the violet's dusky purple glow,  
When it hath ne'er been press'd to broken hearts,  
A record of lost love?

*Mother.*                    My Lilian! thou  
Surely in *thy* bright life hast little known  
Of lost things or of changed!

*Lilian.*                    Oh! little yet,  
For *thou* hast been my shield! But had it been  
My lot on this world's billows to be thrown  
Without thy love—O mother! there are hearts  
So perilously fashioned, that for them  
God's touch alone hath gentleness enough  
To waken, and not break, their thrilling strings!—  
We will not speak of this!

By what strange spell  
Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,

I dream of music? Something in their hues  
All melting into colour'd harmonies,  
Wafts a swift thought of interwoven chords,  
Of blended singing-tones, that swell and die  
In tenderest falls away.—O, bring thy harp,  
Sister! a gentle heaviness at last  
Hath touch'd mine eyelids: sing to me, and sleep  
Will come again.

*Jessy.* What wouldest thou hear? Th' Italian  
Peasant's Lay.

Which makes the desolate Campagna ring  
With "*Roma, Roma?*" or the Madrigal  
Warbled on moonlight seas of Sicily?  
Or the old ditty left by Troubadours  
To girls of Languedoc?

*Lilian.*                            Oh, no ! not these.

*Jessy.* What then? the Moorish melody still known  
Within th' Alhambra city? or those notes  
Born of the Alps, which pierce the exile's heart

Even unto death ?

*Lilian.*                  No, sister, nor yet these.—  
Too much of dreamy love, of faint regret,  
Of passionately fond remembrance, breathes  
In the caressing sweetness of their tones,  
For one who dies :—They would but woo me back  
To glowing life with those Arcadian sounds—  
And vainly, vainly—No ! a loftier strain,  
A deeper music !—Something that may bear  
The spirit up on slow yet mighty wings,  
Unsway'd by gusts of earth : something, all fill'd  
With solemn adoration, tearful prayer.—  
Sing me that antique strain which once I deem'd  
Almost too sternly simple, too austere  
In its grave majesty ! I love it now—  
*Now* it seems fraught with holiest power, to hush  
All billows of the soul, e'en like His voice  
That said of old—“ Be still !”—Sing me that strain—  
“ The Saviour's dying hour.”

[JESSY sings to the Harp.

O Son of Man !  
In thy last mortal hour  
Shadows of earth closed round thee fearfully !  
All that on us is laid,  
All the deep gloom,  
The desolation and th' abandonment,  
The dark amaze of death ;  
All upon *thee* too fell,  
Redeemer ! Son of Man !

But the keen pang  
Wherewith the silver cord  
Of earth's affection from the soul is wrung ;  
Th' uptearing of those tendrils which have grown  
Into the quick strong heart ;  
This, *this*, the passion and the agony  
Of battling love and death,

Surely was not for *thee*,

Holy one ! Son of God !

Yes, my Redeemer !

E'en this cup was thine !

Fond wailing voices call'd thy spirit back :

E'en 'midst the mighty thoughts

Of that last crowning hour ;

E'en on thine awful way to victory,

Wildly they call'd thee back !

And weeping eyes of love

Unto thy heart's deep core,

Pierc'd thro' the folds of death's mysterious veil—

Sufferer ! thou Son of Man !

Mother-tears were mingled

With thy costly blood-drops,

In the shadow of th' atoning cross ;

And the friend, the faithful,

He that on thy bosom,

Thence imbibing heavenly love, had lain—  
    He, a pale sad watcher—  
        Met with looks of anguish,  
All the anguish in *thy* last meek glance—  
    Dying Son of Man !

    Oh ! therefore unto thee,  
        Thou that hast known all woes  
            Bound in the girdle of mortality !  
    Thou that wilt lift the reed  
        Which storms have bruis'd,  
To thee may sorrow through each conflict cry,  
And, in that tempest-hour when love and life  
        Mysteriously must part,  
    When tearful eyes  
        Are passionately bent  
To drink earth's last fond meaning from our gaze—  
    Then, then forsake us not !  
        Shed on our spirits then  
The faith and deep submissiveness of thine !

**32 FLOWERS AND MUSIC IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS.**

Thou that didst love,  
Thou that didst weep and die—  
Thou that didst rise, a victor glorified !  
Conqueror ! thou Son of God !

---

**CATHEDRAL HYMN.**

“They dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear  
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here.”

WORDSWORTH.

---

A dim and mighty minster of old time !  
A temple shadowy with remembrances  
Of the majestic past !—the very light  
Streams with a colouring of heroic days  
In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle  
A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back  
To other years ;—and the rich fretted roof,  
And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,

Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose—  
The tenderest image of mortality—  
Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts  
Cluster like stems in corn sheaves—all these things  
Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,  
On their heart's worship poured a wealth of love !  
Honour be with the dead !—The people kneel  
Under the helms of antique chivalry,  
And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown,  
And midst the forms, in pale proud slumber carved,  
Of warriors on their tombs.—The people kneel  
Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt ; where jewelled  
crowns  
On the flushed brows of conquerors have been set ;  
Where the high anthems of old victories  
Have made the dust give echoes.—Hence, vain  
thoughts !  
Memories of power and pride, which, long ago,  
Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk  
In twilight depths away.—Return, my soul !

The cross recalls thee—Lo ! the blessed cross !  
High o'er the banners and the crests of earth,  
Fixed in its meek and still supremacy !  
And lo ! the throng of beating human hearts,  
With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,  
All their full treasures of immortal hope,  
Gathered before their God !—Hark ! how the flood  
Of the rich organ harmony bears up  
Their voice on its high waves !—a mighty burst !  
A forest-sounding music !—every tone  
Which the blasts call forth with their harping wings  
From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent :  
And the old minster—forest-like itself—  
With its long avenues of pillared shade,  
Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain  
O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not  
One tomb unthrilled by the strong sympathy  
Answering the electric notes.—Join, join, my soul !  
In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,  
And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

Rise like an altar-fire !  
In solemn joy aspire,  
Deepening thy passion still, O choral strain !  
On thy strong rushing wind  
Bear up from humankind  
Thanks and implorings—be they not in vain !

Father, which art on high !  
Weak is the melody  
Of harp or song to reach thine awful ear,  
Unless the heart be there,  
Winging the words of prayer,  
With its own fervent faith or suppliant fear.

Let, then, thy spirit brood  
Over the multitude—  
Be thou amidst them through that heavenly Guest !  
So shall their cry have power  
To win from thee a shower  
Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.

What griefs that make no sign,  
That ask no aid but thine,  
**Father of Mercies ! here before thee swell !**  
As to the open sky,  
All their dark waters lie  
To thee revealed, in each close bosom cell.

The sorrow for the dead,  
Mantling its lonely head  
**From the world's glare, is, in thy sight, set free ;**  
And the fond, aching love,  
Thy minister, to move  
**All the wrung spirit, softening it for thee.**

And doth not thy dread eye  
Behold the agony  
**In that most hidden chamber of the heart,**  
Where darkly sits remorse,  
Beside the secret source  
**Of fearful visions, keeping watch apart ?**

Yes ! here before thy throne  
Many—yet each alone—  
To thee that terrible unveiling make ;  
And still small whispers clear  
Are startling many an ear,  
As if a trumpet bade the dead awake.

How dreadful is this place !  
The glory of thy face  
Fills it too searchingly for mortal sight :  
Where shall the guilty flee ?  
Over what far off sea ?  
What hills, what woods, may shroud him from that  
light ?

Not to the cedar shade  
Let his vain flight be made ;  
Nor the old mountains, nor the desert sea ;  
What, but the cross, can yield  
The hope—the stay—the shield ?  
*Thence may the Atoner lead him up to Thee !*

Be thou, be thou his aid !  
Oh ! let thy love pervade  
The haunted caves of self-accusing thought !  
There let the living stone  
Be cleft—the seed be sown—  
The song of fountains from the silence brought !

So shall thy breath once more  
Within the soul restore  
Thine own first image—Holiest and Most High !  
As a clear lake is filled  
With hues of Heaven, instilled  
Down to the depths of its calm purity.

And if, amidst the throng  
Linked by the ascending song,  
There are, whose thoughts in trembling rapture soar ;  
Thanks, Father ! that the power  
Of joy, man's early dower,  
Thus, e'en midst tears, can fervently adore !

Thanks for each gift divine !  
Eternal praise be thine,  
Blessing and love, O Thou that hearest prayer !  
Let the hymn pierce the sky,  
And let the tombs reply !  
For seed, that waits thy harvest-time, is there.

## WOOD WALK AND HYMN.

---

Move along these shades  
In gentleness of heart ; with gentle hand  
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

WORDSWORTH.

---

## FATHER—CHILD.

*Child.* There are the aspens, with their silvery  
leaves  
Trembling, for ever trembling ! though the lime  
And chesnut boughs, and those long arching sprays  
Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood  
Were all one picture !

*Father.*                   Hast thou heard, my boy,  
The peasant's legend of that quivering tree?  
*Child.* No, father; doth he say the fairies dance  
Amidst the branches?

*Father.*                   Oh! a cause more deep,  
More solemn far, the rustic doth assign  
To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves!  
The cross, he deems, the blessed cross, whereon  
The meek Redeemer bowed his head to death,  
Was framed of aspen wood; and since that hour,  
Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down  
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,  
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze  
Disturbs the airy thistle down, or shakes  
The light lines of the shining gossamer.

*Child, (after a pause.)* Dost thou believe it, father?  
*Father.*                   Nay, my child,  
We walk in clearer light. But yet, even now,  
With something of a lingering love, I read  
The characters, by that mysterious hour,

Stamp'd on the reverential soul of man  
In visionary days ; and thence thrown back  
On the fair forms of nature. Many a sign  
Of the great sacrifice which won us Heaven,  
The woodman and the mountaineer can trace  
On rock, on herb, and flower. And be it so !  
*They* do not wisely that, with hurried hand,  
Would pluck these salutary fancies forth  
From their strong soil within the peasant's breast,  
And scatter them—far, far too fast !—away  
As worthless weeds :—Oh ! little do we know  
*When* they have soothed, when saved !

But come, dear boy !

My words grow tinged with thought too deep for thee.  
Come—let us search for violets.

*Child.*                            Know you not  
More of the legends which the woodmen tell  
Amidst the trees and flowers ?

*Father.*                            Wilt thou know more ?

Bring then the folding leaf, with dark brown stains,  
There—by the mossy roots of yon old beech,  
Midst the rich tuft of cowslips—see'st thou not?  
There is a spray of woodbine from the tree  
Just bending o'er it, with a wild bee's weight.

*Child.* The Arum leaf?

*Father.* Yes, these deep inwrought marks,  
The villager will tell thee (and with voice  
Lower'd in his true heart's reverent earnestness)  
Are the flower's portion from th' atoning blood  
On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew ;  
And, in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,  
Catching from that dread shower of agony  
A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus  
Unto the groves and hills, their sealing stains,  
A heritage, for storm or vernal wind  
Never to waft away !

And hast thou seen  
The passion-flower?—It grows not in the woods,  
But 'midst the bright things brought from other climes.

*Child.* What, the pale star-shaped flower, with  
purple streaks  
*And light green tendrils?*

*Father.* Thou hast marked it well.  
Yes, a pale, starry, dreamy-looking flower,  
As from a land of spirits!—To mine eye  
Those faint wan petals—colourless—and yet  
Not white, but shadowy—with the mystic lines  
(As letters of some wizard language gone)  
Into their vapour-like transparence wrought,  
Bear something of a strange solemnity,  
Awfully lovely!—and the Christian's thought  
Loves, in their cloudy penciling, to find  
Dread symbols of his Lord's last mortal pangs,  
Set by God's hand—The coronal of thorns—  
The cross—the wounds—with other meanings deep,  
Which I will teach thee when we meet again  
That flower, the chosen for the martyr's wreath,  
The Saviour's holy flower.

But let us pause :

Now have we reached the very inmost heart  
Of the old wood.—How the green shadows close  
Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,  
A luxury of gloom !—Scarce doth one ray,  
Even when a soft wind parts the foliage, steal  
O'er the bronzed pillars of these deep arcades ;  
Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellow'd hue  
Of glow-worm colour'd light.

Here, in the days  
Of pagan visions, would have been a place  
For worship of the wood nymphs ! Through these  
oaks

A small, fair gleaming temple might have thrown  
The quivering image of its Dorian shafts  
On the stream's bosom ; or a sculptured form,  
Dryad, or fountain goddess of the gloom,  
Have bow'd its head o'er that dark crystal down,

Drooping with beauty, as a lily droops  
Under bright rain :—but *we*, my child, are here  
With God, our God, a Spirit ; who requires  
Heart-worship, given in spirit and in truth ;  
And this high knowledge—deep, rich, vast enough  
To fill and hallow all the solitude,  
Makes consecrated earth where'er we move,  
Without the aid of shrines.

What ! dost thou feel  
The solemn whispering influence of the scene  
Oppressing thy young heart, that thou dost draw  
More closely to my side, and clasp my hand  
Faster in thine ? Nay, fear not, gentle child !  
'Tis love, not fear, whose vernal breath pervades  
The stillness round. Come, sit beside me here,  
Where brooding violets mantle this green slope  
With dark exuberance—and beneath these plumes  
Of wavy fern, look where the cup-moss holds  
In its pure crimson goblets, fresh and bright,  
The starry dews of morning. Rest awhile

And let me hear once more the woodland verse  
I taught thee late—'twas made for such a scene.

[*Child speaks.*

WOOD HYMN.

Broods there some spirit here ?  
The sunnier leaves hang silent as a cloud ;  
And o'er the pools, all still and darkly clear,  
The wild wood-hyacinth with awe seems bow'd ;  
And something of a tender clostral gloom  
Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very ~~light~~ that streams  
Through the dim dewy veil of foliage round,  
Comes tremulous with emerald-tinted gleams,  
As if it knew the place were holy ground ;  
And would not startle, with too bright a burst,  
Flowers, all divinely nurs'd.

*Wakes* there some spirit here ?

A swift wind, fraught with change, comes rushing by,  
And leaves and waters, in its wild career,  
Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery !  
Surely some awful influence must pervade  
These depths of trembling shade !

Yes, lightly, softly move !

There *is* a power, a presence in the woods ;  
A viewless being, that, with life and love,  
Informs the reverential solitudes :  
The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—  
Thou, *thou* art here, my God !

And if with awe we tread  
The minster floor, beneath the storied pane,  
And 'midst the mouldering banners of the dead,  
Shall the green voiceful wild seem *less* thy fane,  
Where thou alone hast built ?—where arch and roof  
Are of thy living woof ?

The silence and the sound,  
In the lone places, breathe alike of thee ;  
The temple twilight of the gloom profound,  
The dew cup of the frail anemone,  
The reed by every wandering whisper thrill'd—  
All, all with thee are fill'd !

Oh ! purify mine eyes,  
More and yet more, by love and lowly thought,  
Thy presence, holiest One ! to recognize,  
In these majestic aisles which thou hast wrought !  
And 'midst their sea-like murmurs, teach mine ear  
Ever thy voice to hear !

And sanctify my heart  
To meet the awful sweetness of that tone  
With no faint thrill or self-accusing start,  
But a deep joy the heavenly guest to own—  
Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers  
Ere sin had dimm'd the flowers.

Let me not know the change  
O'er nature thrown by guilt!—the boding sky,  
The hollow leaf-sounds ominous and strange,  
The weight wherewith the dark tree shadows lie!  
Father! oh! keep my footsteps pure and free,  
To walk the woods with thee!

### PRAAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT.

---

Soul of our souls ! and safeguard of the world !  
Sustain—*Thou* only canst—the sick at heart,  
Restore their languid spirits, and recall  
Their lost affections unto thee and thine.

WORDSWORTH.

---

NIGHT—holy night !—the time  
For mind's free breathings in a purer clime !  
Night !—when in happier hour the unveiling sky  
Woke all my kindled soul,  
To meet its revelations, clear and high,  
With the strong joy of immortality !

Now hath strange sadness wrapp'd me—strange and  
deep—

And my thoughts faint, and shadows o'er them roll,  
E'en when I deem'd them seraph-plumed, to sweep  
Far beyond earth's control.

Wherefore is this?—I see the stars returning,  
Fire after fire in Heaven's rich temple burning—  
Fast shine they forth—my spirit friends, my guides,  
Bright rulers of my being's inmost tides;  
They shine—but faintly, through a quivering haze—  
Oh! is the dimness *mine* which clouds those rays?  
They from whose glance my childhood drank delight!  
A joy unquestioning—a love intense—  
They, that unfolding to more thoughtful sight,  
The harmony of their magnificence,  
Drew silently the worship of my youth  
To the grave sweetness on the brow of truth;

Shall they shower blessing, with their beams divine,  
Down to the watcher on the stormy sea,  
And to the pilgrim toiling for his shrine  
Through some wild pass of rocky Appennine,  
    And to the wanderer lone  
On wastes of Afric thrown,  
    And not to me?  
Am I a thing forsaken,  
    And is the gladness taken  
From the bright-pinioned nature which hath soar'd  
Through realms by royal eagle ne'er explor'd,  
And, bathing there in streams of fiery light,  
Found strength to gaze upon the Infinite?

And now an alien!—Wherfore must this be?  
    How shall I rend the chain?  
    How drink rich life again  
From those pure urns of radiance, welling free?  
Father of Spirits! let me turn to thee!

Oh ! if too much exulting in her dower,  
My soul, not yet to lowly thought subdued,  
Hath stood without thee on her hill of power—  
A fearful and a dazzling solitude !—  
And therefore from that haughty summit's crown,  
To dim desertion is by thee cast down ;  
Behold ! thy child submissively hath bow'd—  
Shine on him through the cloud !

Let the now darken'd earth and curtain'd heaven  
Back to his vision with thy face be given !  
Bear him on high once more,  
But in thy strength to soar,  
And wrapt and still'd by that o'ershadowing might,  
Forth on the empyreal blaze to look with chasten'd  
sight.

Or if it be, that like the ark's lone dove,  
My thoughts go forth, and find no resting-place,  
No sheltering home of sympathy and love,  
In the responsive bosoms of my race,

And back return, a darkness and a weight,  
Till my unanswer'd heart grows desolate—  
*Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest!—I am vow'd*

To solemn service high ;

And shall the spirit, for thy tasks endow'd,  
Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary,  
Fainting beneath the burden of the day,

Because no human tone,

Unto the altar-stone,  
Of that pure spousal fane inviolate,  
Where it should make eternal truth its mate,  
May cheer the sacred solitary way ?

Oh ! be the whisper of thy voice within  
Enough to strengthen ! Be the hope to win  
A more deep-seeing homage for thy name,  
Far, far beyond the burning dream of fame !  
Make me thine only !—Let me add but one  
To those resplendent steps all undefiled,  
Which glorious minds have piled

Thro' bright self-offering, earnest, child-like, lone,  
For mounting to thy throne !  
And let my soul, upborne  
On wings of inner morn,  
Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense  
Of that blest work, its own high recompense.

The dimness melts away,  
That on your glory lay,  
O ye majestic watchers of the skies !  
Through the dissolving veil,  
Which made each aspect pale,  
Your gladd'ning fires once more I recognize ;  
And once again a shower  
Of hope, and joy, and power,  
Streams on my soul from your immortal eyes.  
And, if that splendour to my sobered sight  
Come tremulous, with more of pensive light—  
Something, though beautiful, yet deeply fraught,  
With more that pierces thro' each fold of thought

Than I was wont to trace  
On Heaven's unshadowed face—  
Be it e'en so!—be mine, tho' set apart  
Unto a radiant ministry, yet still  
A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting heart;  
Bow'd before thee, O Mightiest! whose blest will  
All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.

**THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.**

FATHER, guide me ! Day declines,  
Hollow winds are in the pines ;  
Darkly waves each giant bough  
O'er the sky's last crimson glow ;  
Hush'd is now the convent's bell,  
Which erewhile with breezy swell  
From the purple mountains bore  
Greeting to the sunset-shore.  
Now the sailor's vesper-hymn  
Dies away.

Father ! in the forest dim,  
Be my stay !

In the low and shivering thrill  
Of the leaves that late hung still ;

In the dull and muffled tone  
Of the sea-wave's distant moan ;  
In the deep tints of the sky,  
There are signs of tempest nigh.  
Ominous, with sullen sound,  
Falls the closing dusk around.  
Father ! through the storm and shade  
O'er the wild,  
Oh ! be *Thou* the lone one's ~~aid~~—  
Save thy child !

Many a swift and sounding plume  
Homewards, through the boding gloom,  
O'er my way hath flitted fast,  
Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd  
From the chesnut's ruddy bark,  
And the pools, now lone and dark,  
Where the wakening night-winds sigh  
Through the long reeds mournfully.

Homeward, homeward, all things haste—  
God of might !  
Shield the homeless midst the waste,  
Be his light !

In his distant cradle nest,  
Now my babe is laid to rest ;  
Beautiful his slumber seems  
With a glow of heavenly dreams,  
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,  
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,  
Where his mother bends to pray,  
For the loved and far away.—  
Father ! guard that household bower,  
Hear that prayer !

Back, through thine all-guiding power,  
Lead me there !

Darker, wilder, grows the night—  
Not a star sends quivering light

Through the massy arch of shade  
By the stern old forest made.  
Thou ! to whose unslumbering eyes  
All my pathway open lies,  
By thy Son, who knew distress  
In the lonely wilderness,  
Where no roof to that blest head  
Shelter gave—  
Father ! through the time of dread,  
Save, oh ! save !

## BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN THE FORESTS.

---

**SCENE.**—*The banks of a solitary river in an American Forest. A tent under pine-trees in the foreground. AGNES sitting before the tent with a child in her arms, apparently sleeping.*

*Agnes.* Surely 'tis all a dream—a fever-dream !  
The desolation and the agony—  
The strange red sunrise—and the gloomy woods,  
So terrible with their dark giant boughs,  
And the broad lonely river ! all a dream !  
And my boy's voice will wake me, with its clear,  
Wild, singing tones, as they were wont to come,  
Through the wreath'd sweet-brier at my lattice panes,  
In happy, happy England ! Speak to me !  
Speak to thy mother, bright one ! she hath watch'd

All the dread night beside thee, till her brain  
Is darken'd by swift waves of fantasies,  
And her soul faint with longing for thy voice.  
Oh ! I *must* wake him with one gentle kiss  
On his fair brow !

(*Shudderingly*) The strange damp thrilling touch !  
The marble chill ! Now, now it rushes back—  
Now I know all !—dead—*dead*!—a fearful word !  
My boy hath left me in the wilderness,  
To journey on without the blessed light  
In his deep loving eyes—he's gone—he's gone !

[*Her Husband enters.*

*Husband.* Agnes, my Agnes ! hast thou look'd  
thy last  
On our sweet slumberer's face ? The hour is come—  
The couch made ready for his last repose.

*Agnes.* Not yet ! thou canst not take him from  
me yet !

If he but left me for a few short days,  
This were too brief a gazing time, to draw

His angel image into my fond heart,  
 And fix its beauty there. And now—oh ! now,  
 Never again the laughter of his eye  
 Shall send its gladd'ning summer through my soul—  
 Never on earth again. Yet, yet delay !  
 Thou canst not take him from me.

*Husband.* My belov'd !  
 Is it not God hath taken him ? the God  
 That took our first-born, o'er whose early grave  
 Thou didst bow down thy saint-like head, and say,  
 “ His will be done ! ”

*Agnes.* Oh ! that near household grave,  
 Under the turf of England, seem'd not half,  
 Not half so much to part me from my child  
 As these dark woods. It lay beside our home,  
 And I could watch the sunshine, through all hours,  
 Loving and clinging to the grassy spot,  
 And I could dress its greensward with fresh flowers—  
 Familiar, meadow flowers. O'er *thee* my babe,  
 The primrose will not blossom ! Oh ! that now,

Together, by thy fair young sister's side,  
We lay 'midst England's valleys !

*Husband.*

Dost thou grieve,

Agnes ! that thou hast follow'd o'er the deep  
An exile's fortunes ? If it *thus* can be,  
Then, after many a conflict cheerily met,  
My spirit sinks at last.

*Agnes.*

Forgive, forgive !

My Edmund, pardon me ! Oh ! grief is wild—  
Forget its words, quick spray-drops from a fount  
Of unknown bitterness ! Thou art my home !  
Mine only and my blessed one ! Where'er  
Thy warm heart beats in its true nobleness,  
*There* is my country ! *there* my head shall rest,  
And throb no more. Oh ! still, by thy strong love,  
Bear up the feeble reed !

[*Kneeling with the child in her arms.*

And thou, my God !

Hear my soul's cry from this dread wilderness,  
Oh ! hear, and pardon me ! If I have made

This treasure, sent from thee, too much the ark  
Fraught with mine earthward-clinging happiness,  
Forgetting Him who gave, and might resume,  
Oh, pardon me !

If nature hath rebell'd,  
And from thy light turn'd wilfully away,  
Making a midnight of her agony,  
When the despairing passion of her clasp  
Was from its idol stricken at one touch  
Of thine Almighty hand—oh, pardon me !  
By thy Son's anguish, pardon ! In the soul  
The tempests and the waves will know thy voice—  
Father, say “ Peace, be still !”

[*Giving the child to her husband.*

Farewell, my babe !  
Go from my bosom now to other rest !  
With this last kiss on thine unsullied brow,  
And on thy pale calm cheek these contrite tears,  
I yield thee to thy Maker !

*Husband.*

Now, my wife,

Thine own meek holiness beams forth once more  
A light upon my path. Now shall I bear,  
From thy dear arms, the slumberer to repose—  
With a calm, trustful heart.

*Agnes.*                           *My Edmund ! where—*  
Where wilt thou lay him ?

*Husband.*                           *Seest thou where the spire*  
Of yon dark cypress reddens in the sun  
To burning gold ?—there—o'er yon willow-tuft ?  
Under that native desert monument  
Lies his lone bed. Our Hubert, since the dawn,  
With the grey mosses of the wilderness  
Hath lined it closely through ; and there breathed  
forth,  
E'en from the fulness of his own pure heart,  
A wild, sad forest hymn—a song of tears,  
Which thou wilt learn to love. I heard the boy  
Chanting it o'er his solitary task,  
As wails a wood-bird to the thrilling leaves,  
Perchance unconsciously.

*Agnes.*

My gentle son !

Th' affectionate, the gifted !—With what joy—  
**Edmund,** rememberest thou ?—with what bright joy  
 His baby brother ever to his arms  
 Would spring from rosy sleep, and playfully  
 Hide the rich clusters of his gleaming hair  
 In that kind youthful breast !—Oh ! now no more—  
 But strengthen me, my God ! and melt my heart,  
 Even to a well-spring of adoring tears,  
 For many a blessing left.

(*Bending over the Child.*) Once more farewell !  
 Oh ! the pale piercing sweetness of that look !  
 How can it be sustained ? Away, away !

[*After a short pause.*

**Edmund,** my woman's nature still is weak—  
 I cannot see thee render dust to dust !  
 Go thou, my husband, to thy solemn task ;  
 I will rest here and still my soul with prayer  
 Till thy return.

*Husband.* Then strength be with thy prayer !

Peace on thy bosom ! Faith and heavenly hope  
Unto thy spirit ! Fare thee well a while !  
We must be pilgrims of the woods again,  
After this mournful hour.

[*He goes out with the child. AGNES kneels in prayer. After a time, voices without are heard singing*

THE FUNERAL HYMN.

Where the long reeds quiver,  
Where the pines make moan,  
By the forest river,  
Sleeps our babe alone.  
England's field flowers may not deck his grave,  
Cypress shadows o'er him darkly wave.

Woods unknown receive him,  
'Midst the mighty wild ;  
Yet with God we leave him,  
Blessed, blessed child !  
And our tears gush o'er his lovely dust,  
Mournfully, yet still from hearts of trust.

Though his eye hath brighten'd  
Oft our weary way,  
And his clear laugh lighten'd  
Half our hearts' dismay ;  
Still in hope we give back what was given,  
Yielding up the beautiful to Heaven.

And to her who bore him,  
Her who long must weep,  
Yet shall Heaven restore him  
From his pale, sweet sleep !  
Those blue eyes of love and peace again  
Through her soul will shine, undimm'd by pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,  
Where the pines make moan,  
Leave we by the river  
Earth to earth alone !

God and Father ! may our journeyings on  
Lead to where the blessed boy is gone !

From the exile's sorrow,  
From the wanderer's dread  
Of the night and morrow,  
Early, brightly fled ;  
Thou hast called him to a sweeter home  
Than our lost one o'er the ocean's foam.

Now let thought behold him  
With his angel look,  
Where those arms enfold him,  
Which benignly took  
Israel's babes to their Good Shepherd's breast,  
When his voice their tender meekness blest.

Turn thee now, fond mother !  
From thy dead, oh, turn !  
Linger not, young brother,  
Here to dream and mourn :  
Only kneel once more around the sod,  
Kneel, and bow submitted hearts to God !

## EASTER-DAY

## IN A MOUNTAIN CHURCH-YARD.

---

THERE is a wakening on the mighty hills,  
A kindling with the spirit of the morn !  
Bright gleams are scatter'd from the thousand rills,  
And a soft visionary hue is born  
On the young foliage, worn  
By all the imbosom'd woods—a silvery green,  
Made up of spring and dew, harmoniously serene.

And lo ! where floating through a glory, sings  
The lark, alone amidst a crystal sky !  
Lo ! where the darkness of his buoyant wings,  
Against a soft and rosy cloud on high,  
Trembles with melody !

While the far-echoing solitudes rejoice  
To the rich augh of music in that voice.

But purer light than of the early sun  
Is on you cast, O mountains of the earth !  
And for your dwellers nobler joy is won  
Than the sweet echoes of the skylark's mirth,  
By this glad morning's birth !  
And gifts more precious by its breath are shed  
Than music on the breeze, dew on the violet's head.

Gifts for the *soul*, from whose illumined eye,  
O'er nature's face the colouring glory flows ;  
Gifts from the fount of immortality,  
Which, fill'd with balm, unknown to human woes,  
Lay hush'd in dark repose,  
Till thou, bright dayspring ! mad'st its waves our own,  
By thine unsealing of the burial stone.

Sing, then, with all your choral strains, ye hills !  
*And let a full victorious tone be given,*

By rock and cavern, to the wind which fills  
Your urn-like depths with sound ! The tomb is riven,  
The radiant gate of Heaven  
Unfolded—and the stern, dark shadow cast  
By death's o'ersweeping wing, from the earth's bosom  
past.

And you, ye graves ! upon whose turf I stand,  
Girt with the slumber of the hamlet's dead,  
Time with a soft and reconciling hand  
The covering mantle of bright moss hath spread  
O'er every narrow bed :  
But not by time, and not by nature sown  
Was the celestial seed, whence round you peace hath  
grown.

Christ hath arisen ! oh ! not one cherish'd head  
Hath, 'midst the flowery sods, been pillow'd here  
Without a hope, (howe'er the heart hath bled  
In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious bier,)

A hope, upspringing clear  
From those majestic tidings of the morn,  
Which lit the living way to all of woman born.

Thou hast wept mournfully, O human love !  
E'en on this greensward ; night hath heard thy  
cry,  
Heart-stricken one ! thy precious dust above,  
Night, and the hills, which sent forth no reply  
Unto thine agony !  
But He who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy guide,  
Christ hath arisen, O love ! thy tears shall all be  
dried.

Dark must have been the gushing of those tears,  
Heavy the unsleeping phantom of the tomb  
On thine impassioned soul, in elder years  
When, burden'd with the mystery of its doom,  
Mortality's thick gloom

Hung o'er the sunny world, and with the breath  
Of the triumphant rose came blending thoughts of  
death.

By thee, sad Love, and by thy sister, Fear,  
Then was the ideal robe of beauty wrought  
To vail that haunting shadow, still too near,  
Still ruling secretly the conqueror's thought,

And, where the board was fraught  
With wine and myrtles in the summer bower,  
Felt, e'en when disavow'd, a presence and a power.

But that dark night is closed : and o'er the dead,  
*Here*, where the gleamy primrose tufts have blown,  
And where the mountain heath a couch has spread,  
And, settling oft on some grey-lettered stone,  
The redbreast warbles lone ;  
And the wild bee's deep, drowsy murmurs pass  
Like a low thrill of harp-strings through the grass :

Here, 'midst the chambers of the Christian's sleep,  
*We* o'er death's gulf may look with trusting eye,  
For hope sits, dove-like, on the gloomy deep,  
And the green hills wherein these valleys lie  
    Seem all one sanctuary  
Of holiest thought—nor needs their fresh bright sod,  
Urn, wreath, or shrine, for tombs all dedicate to God.

Christ hath arisen!—O mountain peaks! attest,  
Witness, resounding glen and torrent wave,  
The immortal courage in the human breast  
Sprung from that victory—tell how oft the brave  
    To camp 'midst rock and cave,  
Nerved by those words, their struggling faith have  
borne,  
Planting the cross on high above the clouds of morn.

The Alps have heard sweet hymnings for to-day—  
Ay, and wild sounds of sterner, deeper tone,

Have thrill'd their pines, when those that knelt to  
pray  
Rose up to arm ! the pure, high snows have known  
A colouring not their own,  
But from true hearts which by that crimson stain  
Gave token of a trust that call'd no suffering vain.

Those days are past—the mountains wear no more  
The solemn splendour of the martyr's blood,  
And may that awful record, as of yore,  
Never again be known to field or flood !  
  
E'en though the faithful stood,  
A noble army, in the exulting sight  
Of earth and heaven, which bless'd their battle for  
the right !

But many a martyrdom by hearts unshaken  
Is yet borne silently in homes obscure ;  
And many a bitter cup is meekly taken ;

And, for the strength whereby the just and pure  
Thus stedfastly endure,  
Glory to Him whose victory won that dower,  
Him, from whose rising stream'd that robe of spirit  
power.

Glory to him ! Hope to the suffering breast !  
Light to the nations ! He hath roll'd away  
The mists, which, gathering into deathlike rest,  
Between the soul and Heaven's calm ether lay—  
His love hath made it day  
With those that sat in darkness.—Earth and sea !  
Lift up glad strains for man by truth divine made  
free !

### THE CHILD READING THE BIBLE.

---

“ A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, to waylay.

\* \* \* \*

A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death.”

WORDSWORTH.

---

I saw him at his sport erewhile,  
The bright exulting boy,  
Like summer's lightning came the smile  
Of his young spirit's joy ;  
A flash that wheresoe'er it broke,  
To life undreamt-of beauty woke.

His fair locks wav'd in sunny play,  
By a clear fountain's side,  
Where jewel-colour'd pebbles lay  
Beneath the shallow tide ;  
And pearly spray at times would meet  
The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twin'd him wreaths of all spring-flowers,  
Which drank that streamlet's dew ;  
He flung them o'er the wave in showers,  
Till, gazing, scarce I knew  
Which seem'd more pure, or bright, or wild,  
The singing fount or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom  
Made earth one festal scene,  
Where the dull shadow of the tomb  
Seem'd as it ne'er had been.  
How could one image of decay  
Steal o'er the dawn of such clear day ?

I saw once more that aspect bright—  
The boy's meek head was bow'd  
In silence o'er the Book of Light,  
And like a golden cloud,  
The still cloud of a pictur'd sky—  
His locks droop'd round it lovingly.

And if my heart had deem'd him fair,  
When in the fountain glade,  
A creature of the sky and air,  
Almost on wings he play'd ;  
Oh ! how much holier beauty now  
Lit the young human being's brow !

The being born to toil, to die,  
To break forth from the tomb,  
Unto far nobler destiny  
Than waits the sky-lark's plume !  
I saw him, in that thoughtful hour,  
Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The *soul*, the awakening *soul* I saw,  
My watching eye could trace  
The shadows of its new-born awe,  
Sweeping o'er that fair face :  
As o'er a flower might pass the shade  
By some dread angel's pinion made !

The soul, the mother of deep fears,  
Of high hopes infinite,  
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,  
Of sleepless inner sight ;  
Lovely, but solemn, it arose,  
Unfolding what no more might close.

The red-leaved tablets,\* undefiled,  
As yet, by evil thought—  
Oh ! little dream'd the brooding child,  
Of what within me wrought,

\* “ All this, and more than this, is now engraved upon the  
*red-leaved tablets* of my heart.”—HAYWOOD.

While *his* young heart first burn'd and stirr'd,  
And quiver'd to the eternal word.

And reverently my spirit caught  
The reverence of *his* gaze ;  
A sight with dew of blessing fraught  
To hallow after-days ;  
To make the proud heart meekly wise,  
By the sweet faith in those calm eyes.

It seem'd as if a temple rose  
Before me brightly there,  
And in the depths of its repose  
My soul o'erflowed with prayer,  
Feeling a solemn presence nigh—  
The power of infant sanctity !

O Father ! mould my heart once more,  
By thy prevailing breath !

Teach me, oh ! teach me to adore  
E'en with that pure one's faith ;  
A faith, all made of love and light,  
Child-like, and, therefore, full of might !

### A POET'S DYING HYMN.

---

Be mute who will, who can,  
Yet I will praise thee with impassion'd voice !  
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine  
In such a temple as we now behold,  
Rear'd for thy presence ; therefore am I bound  
To worship, here and everywhere.

WORDSWORTH.

---

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens !—I lift mine eye,  
And bless thee, O my God ! that I have met  
And own'd thine image in the majesty  
Of their calm temple still !—that never yet  
There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight  
By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm of night :  
I bless thee, O my God !

That now still clearer, from their pure expanse,  
I see the mercy of thine aspect shine,  
Touching death's features with a lovely glance  
Of light, serenely, solemnly divine,  
And lending to each holy star a ray  
As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away :  
I bless thee, O my God !

That I have heard thy voice, nor been afraid,  
In the earth's garden—'midst the mountains old,  
And the low thrillings of the forest shade,  
And the wild sounds of waters uncontroll'd,  
And upon many a desert plain and shore—  
No solitude—for there I felt *thee* more :  
I bless thee, O my God !

And if thy spirit on thy child hath shed  
The gift, the vision of the unseal'd eye,  
To pierce the mist o'er life's deep meanings spread,  
To reach the hidden fountain-urns that lie

Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free  
And pure—a consecration unto thee :

I bless thee, O my God !

If my soul's utterance hath by thee been fraught  
With an awakening power—if thou hast made,  
Like the wing'd seed, the breathings of my thought,  
And by the swift winds bid them be convey'd  
To lands of other lays, and there become  
Native as early melodies of home :

I bless thee, O my God !

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,  
Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead,  
But that perchance, a faint gale of thy breath,  
A still small whisper in my song hath led  
One struggling spirit upwards to thy throne,  
Or but one hope, one prayer:—for this alone

I bless thee, O my God !

That I have loved—that I have known the love  
Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,  
Yet, with a colouring halo from above,  
Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,  
Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,  
Still weaving links for intercourse with thee :  
I bless thee, O my God !

That by the passion of its deep distress,  
And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer,  
And by the yearning of its tenderness,  
Too full for words upon their stream to bear,  
I have been drawn still closer to thy shrine,  
Well-spring of love, the unfathom'd, the divine ;  
I bless thee, O my God !

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song forsaken,  
High hope, which even from mystery, doubt, or  
dread,  
Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken,

Whereby its torchlight for the race was fed ;  
That passing storms have only fann'd the fire,  
Which pierc'd them still with its triumphal spire,  
I bless thee, O my God !

Now art thou calling me in every gale,  
Each sound and token of the dying day :  
Thou leav'st me not, though early life grows pale,  
I am not darkly sinking to decay ;  
But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving shroud  
Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.  
I bless thee, O my God !

And if this earth, with all its choral streams,  
And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies,  
And mountain sanctuaries for poet's dreams,  
Be lovely still in my departing eyes—  
'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,  
But that thy foot-prints on its dust appear :  
I bless thee, O my God !

And that the tender shadowing I behold,  
The tracery veining every leaf and flower,  
Of glories cast in more consummate mould,  
No longer vassals to the changeful hour ;  
That life's last roses to my thoughts can bring  
Rich visions of imperishable spring :  
I bless thee, O my God !

Yes ! the young vernal voices in the skies  
Woo me not back, but, wandering past mine ear,  
Seem heralds of th' eternal melodies,  
The spirit-music, imperturb'd and clear ;  
The full of soul, yet passionate no more—  
Let *me* too, joining those pure strains, adore !  
I bless thee, O my God !

Now aid, sustain me still !—to thee I come,  
Make thou my dwelling where thy children are !  
And for the hope of that immortal home,  
And for thy Son, the bright and morning star,

The sufferer and the victor-king of death,  
I bless thee with my glad song's dying breath !  
I bless thee, O my God !

THE

**FUNERAL DAY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.**

---

Many an eye  
May wail the dimming of our shining star.  
SHAKSPEARE.

---

A glorious voice hath ceased !—  
Mournfully, reverently—the funeral chant  
Breathe reverently !—There is a dreamy sound,  
A hollow murmur of the dying year,  
In the deep woods :—Let it be wild and sad !  
A more Æolian melancholy tone  
Than ever wail'd o'er bright things perishing !  
For *that* is passing from the darken'd land,

Which the green summer will not bring us back—  
Though all her songs return.—The funeral chant  
Breathe reverently !—They bear the mighty forth,  
The kingly ruler in the realms of mind—  
They bear him through the household paths, the  
groves,  
Where every tree had music of its own  
To his quick ear of knowledge taught by love—  
And he is silent !—Past the living stream  
They bear him now ; the stream, whose kindly voice  
On alien shores his true heart burn'd to hear—  
And he is silent ! O'er the heathery hills,  
Which his own soul had mantled with a light  
Richer than autumn's purple, now they move—  
And he is silent !—he, whose flexile lips  
Were but unseal'd, and, lo ! a thousand forms,  
From every pastoral glen and fern-clad height,  
In glowing life upsprang :—Vassal and chief,  
Rider and steed, with shout and bugle-peal,  
Fast rushing through the brightly troubled air,

Like the wild huntsman's band. And still they live,  
To those fair scenes imperishably bound,  
And, from the mountain mist still flashing by,  
Startle the wanderer who hath listen'd there  
To the seer's voice : phantoms of colour'd thought,  
Surviving him who raised.—O eloquence !  
O power, whose breathings thus could wake the dead !  
Who shall wake *thee* ? lord of the buried past !  
And art thou *there*—to those dim nations join'd,  
Thy subject host so long ?—The wand is dropp'd,  
The bright lamp broken, which the gifted hand  
Touch'd, and the genii came !—Sing reverently  
The funeral chant !—The mighty is borne home—  
And who shall be his mourners ?—Youth and age,  
For each hath felt his magic—love and grief,  
For he hath communed with the heart of each :  
Yes—the free spirit of humanity  
May join the august procession, for to him  
Its mysteries have been tributary things,

And all its accents known :—from field or wave,  
Never was conqueror on his battle bier,  
By the vail'd banner and the muffled drum,  
And the proud drooping of the crested head,  
More nobly follow'd home.—The last abode,  
The voiceless dwelling of the bard is reach'd :  
A still majestic spot ! girt solemnly  
With all th' imploring beauty of decay ;  
A stately couch midst ruins ! meet for him  
With his bright fame to rest in, as a king  
Of other days, laid lonely with his sword  
Beneath his head. Sing reverently the chant  
Over the honour'd grave !—the *grave* !—oh, say  
Rather the shrine !—An altar for the love,  
The light, soft pilgrim steps, the votive wreaths  
Of years unborn—a place where leaf and flower,  
By that which dies not of the sovereign dead, ,  
Shall be made holy things—where every weed  
Shall have its portion of th' inspiring gift  
From buried glory breath'd. And now, what strain,

Making victorious melody ascend  
High above sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb  
Where he that sway'd the nations thus is laid—  
The crown'd of men ?

A lowly, lowly song.

Lowly and solemn be  
Thy children's cry to thee,  
Father divine !  
A hymn of suppliant breath,  
Owning that life and death  
Alike are thine !

A spirit on its way,  
Sceptred the earth to sway,  
From thee was sent :  
Now call'st thou back thine own—  
Hence is that radiance flown—  
To earth but lent.

Watching in breathless awe,  
The bright head bow'd we saw,  
Beneath thy hand !  
Fill'd by one hope, one fear,  
Now o'er a brother's bier,  
Weeping we stand.

How hath he pass'd !—the lord  
Of each deep bosom chord,  
To meet thy sight,  
Unmantled and alone,  
On thy blest mercy thrown,  
O Infinite !

So, from his harvest home,  
Must the tir'd peasant come ;  
So, in one trust,  
Leader and king must yield  
The naked soul, reveal'd  
To thee, All Just !

The sword of many a fight—  
 What *then* shall be its might?  
 The lofty lay,  
 That rush'd on eagle wing—  
 What shall its memory bring?  
 What hope, what stay?

O Father! in that hour,  
 When earth all succouring power  
 Shall disavow;  
 When spear, and shield, and crown,  
 In faintness are cast down—  
 Sustain us, Thou!

By Him who bow'd to take  
 The death-cup for our sake,  
 The thorn, the rod;  
 From whom the last dismay  
 Was not to pass away—  
 Aid us, O God!

Tremblers beside the grave,  
We call on thee to save,  
Father divine !  
  
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,  
Keep us, in life and death,  
Thine, only thine !

**THE PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.****SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF CORREGGIO'S.**

---

IN the deep wilderness unseen she prayed,  
The daughter of Jerusalem ; alone,  
With all the still small whispers of the night,  
And with the searching glances of the stars,  
And with her God, alone :—she lifted up  
Her sweet, sad voice, and, trembling o'er her head,  
The dark leaves thrilled with prayer—the tearful  
prayer  
Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

Father of Spirits, hear !

Look on the innermost heart to thee revealed,

Look on the fountain of the burning tear,

Before thy sight in solitude unsealed !

Hear, Father ! hear, and aid !

If I have lov'd too well, if I have shed,

In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head,

Gifts, on thy shrine, my God ! more fitly laid.

If I have sought to live

But in *one* light, and made a human eye

The lonely star of mine idolatry,

Thou that art Love ! oh, pity and forgive !

Chastened and schooled at last,

No more, no more my struggling spirit burns,

But fixed on thee, from that wild worship turns—

What have I said ?—the deep dream is not past !

Yet hear !—if *still* I love,  
Oh ! still too fondly—if, for ever seen,  
An earthly image comes, my heart between,  
And thy calm glory, Father ! thron'd above !

If still a voice is near,  
(E'en while I strive these wanderings to control,)  
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul  
With its deep music, too intensely dear,

O Father ! draw to thee  
My lost affections back !—the dreaming eyes  
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart that dies,  
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free !

I must love on, O God !  
This bosom must love on !—but let thy breath  
Touch and make pure the flame that knows not  
death,  
Bearing it up to Heaven !—Love's own abode !

Ages and ages past, the wilderness,  
With its dark cedars, and the thrilling night,  
With her clear stars, and the mysterious winds,  
That waft all sound, were conscious of those prayers.  
How many such hath woman's bursting heart  
*Since then*, in silence and in darkness breath'd,  
Like the dim night-flower's odour, up to God?

## PRISONERS' EVENING SERVICE.

A SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.\*

From their spheres  
 The stars of human glory are cast down ;  
 Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,  
 Princes and emperors, and the crown and palms  
 Of all the mighty, withered and consumed !  
 Nor is power given to lowliest innocence  
 Long to protect her own.

WORDSWORTH.

**SCENE—***Prison of the Luxembourg, in Paris, during  
 the Reign of Terror.*

**D'AUBIGNE'**, *an aged Royalist*—**BLANCHE**, *his  
 Daughter, a young girl.*

*Blanche.* What was our doom, my father?—In  
 thine arms

I lay unconsciously through that dread hour.

\* The last days of two prisoners in the Luxembourg, Sillery and La Source, so affectingly described by Helen Maria Williams, in her Letters from France, gave rise to this little scene. These two victims had composed a simple hymn, which they every night sung together in a low and restrained voice.

Tell me the sentence!—Could our judges look,  
 Without relenting, on thy silvery hair?  
 Was there not mercy, father?—Will they not  
 Restore us to our home?

*D'Aubigné.* Yes, my poor child!  
 They send us home.

*Blanche.* Oh! shall we gaze again  
 On the bright Loire?—Will the old hamlet spire,  
 And the grey turret of our own château,  
 Look forth to greet us through the dusky elms?  
 Will the kind voices of our villagers,  
 The loving laughter in their children's eyes,  
 Welcome us back at last?—But how is this?—  
 Father! thy glance is clouded—on thy brow  
 There sits no joy!

*D'Aubigné.* Upon my brow, dear girl,  
 There sits, I trust, such deep and solemn peace  
 As may befit the Christian, who receives  
 And recognizes, in submissive awe,  
 The summons of his God.

*Blanche.* Thou dost not mean—

No, no ! it cannot be !—Didst thou not say  
They sent us *home* ?

*D'Aubigné.* Where is the spirit's home ?—  
Oh ! most of all, in these dark evil days,  
Where should it be—but in that world serene,  
Beyond the sword's reach, and the tempest's power—  
Where, but in Heaven ?

*Blanche.* My father !

*D'Aubigné.* *We must die.*  
We must look up to God, and calmly die.—  
Come to my heart, and weep there !—for awhile  
Give Nature's passion way, then brightly rise  
In the still courage of a woman's heart !  
Do I not know thee ?—Do I ask too much  
From mine own noble Blanche ?

*Blanche,* (*falling on his bosom.*) Oh ! clasp me fast !  
Thy trembling child !—Hide, hide me in thine arms—  
Father !

*D'Aubigné.* Alas ! my flower, thou'rt young to go—  
Young, and so fair !—Yet were it worse, methinks,

To leave thee where the gentle and the brave,  
The loyal hearted and the chivalrous,  
And they that lov'd their God, have all been swept,  
Like the sere leaves, away.—For them no hearth  
Through the wide land was left inviolate,  
No altar holy ; therefore did they fall,  
Rejoicing to depart.—The soil is steep'd  
In noble blood ; the temples are gone down ;  
The voice of prayer is hush'd, or fearfully  
Mutter'd, like sounds of guilt.—Why, who would live?  
Who hath not panted, as a dove, to flee,  
To quit for ever the dishonour'd soil,  
The burden'd air ?—Our God upon the cross—  
Our king upon the scaffold\*—let us think

\* A French royalist officer, dying upon a field of battle, and hearing some one near him uttering the most plaintive lamentations, turned towards the sufferer, and thus addressed him : “ My friend, whoever you may be, remember that your God expired upon the cross—your king upon the scaffold—and he who now speaks to you has had his limbs shot from under him. Meet your fate as becomes a man.”

Of *these*—and fold endurance to our hearts,  
And bravely die !

*Blanche.*      A dark and fearful way !  
An evil doom for thy dear honour'd head !  
Oh ! thou, the kind, the gracious !—whom all eyes  
Bless'd as they look'd upon !—Speak yet again—  
Say, will they part us ?

*D'Aubigné.*      No, my *Blanche* ; in death  
We shall not be divided.

*Blanche.*      Thanks to God !  
He, by thy glance, will aid me—I shall see  
His light before me to the last.—And when—  
Oh ! pardon these weak shrinkings of thy child !—  
When shall the hour befall ?

*D'Aubigné.*      Oh ! swiftly now,  
And suddenly, with brief dread interval,  
Comes down the mortal stroke.—But of that hour  
As yet I know not.—Each low throbbing pulse  
Of the quick pendulum may usher in  
Eternity !

*Blanche, (kneeling before him.) My father ! lay thy hand*

On thy poor Blanche's head, and once again  
Bless her with thy deep voice of tenderness,  
Thus breathing saintly courage through her soul,  
Ere we are call'd.

*D'Aubigné. If I may speak through tears !—*  
Well may I bless thee, fondly, fervently,  
Child of my heart !—thou who dost look on me  
With thy lost mother's angel eyes of love !  
Thou that hast been a brightness in my path,  
A guest of Heaven unto my lonely soul,  
A stainless lily in my widow'd house,  
There springing up—with soft light round thee shed—  
For immortality !—Meek child of God !  
I bless thee—He will bless thee !—In his love  
He calls thee now from this rude stormy world  
To thy Redeemer's breast.—And thou wilt die,  
As thou hast lived—my duteous, holy Blanche !  
In trusting and serene submissiveness,  
*Humble, yet full of Heaven.*

*Blanche, (rising.)* Now is there strength  
Infused through all my spirit.—I can rise  
And say, “ Thy will be done !”

*D'Aubigné, (pointing upwards.)* Seest thou, my  
child,

Yon faint light in the west? The signal star  
Of our due vesper service, gleaming in  
Through the close dungeon grating!—Mournfully  
It seems to quiver; yet shall this night pass,  
*This* night alone, without the lifted voice  
Of adoration in our narrow cell,  
As if unworthy Fear or wavering Faith  
Silenced the strain?—No! let it waft to Heaven  
The prayer, the hope, of poor mortality,  
In its dark hour once more!—And we will sleep—  
Yes—calmly sleep, when our last rite is closed.

[*They sing together.*

## PRISONERS' EVENING HYMN.

We see no more, in thy pure skies,  
How soft, O God ! the sunset dies ;  
How every colour'd hill and wood  
Seems melting in the golden flood :  
Yet, by the precious memories won  
From bright hours now for ever gone,  
Father ! o'er all thy works, we know,  
Thou still art shedding beauty's glow ;  
Still touching every cloud and tree  
With glory, eloquent of Thee ;  
Still feeding all thy flowers with light,  
Though man hath barr'd it from our sight.  
We know Thou reign'st, the Unchanging One, th'  
All Just,  
And bless thee still with free and boundless trust !

We read no more, O God ! thy ways  
On earth, in these wild evil days.

The red sword in th' oppressor's hand  
Is ruler of the weeping land ;  
Fallen are the faithful and the pure,  
No shrine is spared, no hearth secure.  
Yet, by the deep voice from the past,  
Which tells us these things cannot last—  
And by the hope which finds no ark,  
Save in thy breast, when storms grow dark—  
We trust thee !—As the sailor knows  
That in its place of bright repose  
His pole-star burns, though mist and cloud  
May veil it with a midnight shroud.  
We know thou reign'st !—All Holy One, All Just !  
And bless thee still with love's own boundless trust.

We feel no more that aid is nigh,  
When our faint hearts within us die.  
We suffer—and we know our doom  
Must be one suffering till the tomb.

Yet, by the anguish of thy Son  
When his last hour came darkly on—  
By his dread cry, the air which rent  
In terror of abandonment—  
And by his parting word, which rose  
Through faith victorious o'er all woes—  
We know that Thou mayst wound, mayst break  
The spirit, but wilt ne'er forsake !  
Sad suppliants whom our brethren spurn,  
In our deep need to Thee we turn !  
To whom but Thee?—All Merciful, All Just !  
In life, in death, we yield thee boundless trust !

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS IN  
TIMES OF PERSECUTION.

---

“ Thanks be to God for the mountains !”

HOWITT’s *Book of the Seasons.*

---

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers’ God !  
Thou hast made thy children mighty,  
By the touch of the mountain sod.  
Thou hast fix’d our ark of refuge  
Where the spoiler’s foot ne’er trod ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers’ God !

118 HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS.

We are watchers of a beacon  
Whose light must never die ;  
We are guardians of an altar  
Midst the silence of the sky :  
The rocks yield founts of courage,  
Struck forth as by thy rod ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark resounding caverns,  
Where thy still, small voice is heard ;  
For the strong pines of the forests,  
That by thy breath are stirr'd ;  
For the storms, on whose free pinions  
Thy spirit walks abroad ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God !

The royal eagle darteth  
On his quarry from the heights,  
And the stag that knows no master,  
Seeks there his wild delights ;  
But we, for *thy* communion,  
Have sought the mountain sod ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain,  
Far, far below us waves ;  
The war-horse of the spearman  
Cannot reach our lofty caves :  
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold  
Of freedom's last abode ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God !

120 HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS, &c.

For the shadow of thy presence,  
Round our camp of rock outspread ;  
For the stern defiles of battle,  
Bearing record of our dead ;  
For the snows and for the torrents,  
For the free heart's burial sod ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God !

## THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MORAVIAN MISSIONARY.\*

But by my wrongs and by my wrath,  
 To-morrow Areouski's breath  
 That fires yon Heaven with storms of death,  
 Shall guide me to the foe !

*Indian Song in "Gertrude of Wyoming."*

SCENE—*The shore of a Lake surrounded by deep woods. A solitary cabin on its banks, overshadowed by maple and sycamore trees. HERRMANN, the missionary, seated alone before the cabin. The hour is evening twilight.*

*Herrmann.* Was that the light from some lone

swift canoe

Shooting across the waters?—No, a flash

\* Circumstances similar to those on which this scene is founded, are recorded in Carne's Narrative of the Moravian Missions in Greenland, and gave rise to the dramatic sketch.

From the night's first quick fire-fly, lost again  
In the deep bay of cedars. Not a bark  
Is on the wave ; no rustle of a breeze  
Comes through the forest. In this new, strange  
world,

Oh ! how mysterious, how eternal, seems  
The mighty melancholy of the woods !  
The desert's own great spirit, infinite !  
Little they know, in mine own father-land,  
Along the castled Rhine, or e'en amidst  
The wild Harz mountains, or the silvan glades  
Deep in the Odenwald, they little know  
Of what is solitude ! In hours like this,  
There, from a thousand nooks, the cottage hearths  
Pour forth red light through vine-hung lattices,  
To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,  
On the home path ; while round his lowly porch,  
With eager eyes awaiting his return,  
The clustered faces of his children shine  
To the clear harvest moon. Be still, fond thoughts !

Melting my spirit's grasp from heavenly hope  
By your vain earthward yearnings. O my God !  
Draw me still nearer, closer unto thee,  
Till all the hollow of these deep desires  
May with thyself be filled !—Be it enough  
At once to gladden and to solemnize  
My lonely life, if for thine altar here  
In this dread temple of the wilderness,  
By prayer, and toil, and watching, I may win  
The offering of one heart, one human heart,  
Bleeding, repenting, loving !

Hark ! a step,  
An Indian tread ! I know the stealthy sound—  
'Tis on some quest of evil, through the grass  
Gliding so serpent-like.

[*He comes forward and meets an Indian  
warrior armed.*

Enonio, is it thou ? I see thy form  
Tower stately through the dusk, yet scarce mine eye  
Discerns thy face.

*Enonio.* My father speaks my name.

*Herrmann.* Are not the hunters from the chase  
returned?

The night-fires lit? Why is my son abroad?

*Enonio.* The warrior's arrow knows of nobler prey  
Than elk or deer. Now let my father leave  
The lone path free.

*Herrmann.* The forest way is long  
From the red chieftain's home. Rest thee awhile  
Beneath my sycamore, and we will speak  
Of these things further.

*Enonio.* Tell me not of rest!  
My heart is sleepless, and the dark night swift.—  
I must begone.

*Herrmann, (solemnly.)* No, warrior, thou must  
stay!  
The Mighty One hath given me power to search  
Thy soul with piercing words—and thou must stay,  
And hear me, and give answer! If thy heart  
Be grown thus restless, is it not because

Within its dark folds thou hast mantled up  
Some burning thought of ill?—

*Enonio, (with sudden impetuosity.)* How should I  
rest?—

Last night the spirit of my brother came,  
An angry shadow in the moonlight streak,  
And said, “*Avenge me!*”—In the clouds this morn,  
I saw the frowning colour of his blood—  
And that, too, had a voice.—I lay at noon  
Alone beside the sounding waterfall,  
And through its thunder-music spake a tone—  
A low tone piercing all the roll of waves—  
And said, “*Avenge me!*”—Therefore have I raised  
The tomahawk, and strung the bow again,  
That I may send the shadow from my couch,  
And take the strange sound from the cataract,  
And sleep once more.

*Herrmann.*            A better path, my son,  
Unto the still and dewy land of sleep,  
My hand in peace can guide thee—c'en the way

Thy dying brother trod.—Say, didst thou love  
That lost one well?

*Enonio.*      Know'st thou not we grew up  
Even as twin roes amidst the wilderness?  
Unto the chase we journeyed in one path;  
We stemmed the lake in one canoe; we lay  
Beneath one oak to rest.—When fever hung  
Upon my burning lips, my brother's hand  
Was still beneath my head; my brother's robe  
Covered my bosom from the chill night air.  
Our lives were girdled by one belt of love,  
Until he turned him from his fathers' gods,  
And then my soul fell from him—then the grass  
Grew in the way between our parted homes,  
And wheresoe'er I wandered, then it seemed  
That all the woods were silent.—I went forth—  
I journeyed, with my lonely heart, afar,  
And so returned—and where was he?—the earth  
Owned him no more.

*Herrmann.*      But thou thyself, since then,

Hast turned thee from the idols of thy tribe,  
And, like thy brother, bowed the suppliant knee  
To the one God.

*Enonio.* Yes, I have learned to pray  
With my white father's words, yet all the more  
My heart, that shut against my brother's love,  
Hath been within me as an arrowy fire,  
Burning my sleep away.—In the night hush,  
Midst the strange whispers and dim shadowy things  
Of the great forests, I have called aloud,  
“ Brother ! forgive, forgive !”—He answered not—  
His deep voice, rising from the land of souls,  
Cries but “ *Avenge me !*”—and I go forth now  
To slay his murderer, that when next his eyes  
Gleam on me mournfully from that pale shore,  
I may look up, and meet their glance, and say,  
“ I *have avenged thee.*”

*Herrmann.* Oh ! that human love  
Should be the root of this dread bitterness,  
Till heaven through all the fevered being pours

Transmuting balsam !—Stay, Enonio, stay !  
Thy brother calls thee not !—The spirit world  
Where the departed go, sends back to earth  
No visitants for evil.—'Tis the might  
Of the strong passion, the remorseful grief  
At work in thine own breast, which lends the voice  
Unto the forest and the cataract,  
The angry colour to the clouds of morn,  
The shadow to the moonlight.—Stay, my son !  
Thy brother is at peace.—Beside his couch,  
When of the murderer's poisoned shaft he died,  
I knelt and prayed ; he named his Saviour's name,  
Meekly, beseechingly ; he spoke of thee  
In pity and in love.

*Enonio, (hurriedly.)* Did he not say  
My arrow should avenge him ?

*Herrmann.* His last words  
Were all forgiveness.

*Enonio.* What ! and shall the man  
Who pierced him with the shaft of treachery,  
*Walk fearless forth in joy ?*

*Herrmann.*

Was he not once

Thy brother's friend?—Oh! trust me, not in *joy*  
He walks the frowning forest. Did keen love,  
Too late repentant of its heart estranged,  
Wake in *thy* haunted bosom, with its train  
Of sounds and shadows—and shall *he* escape?  
Enonio, dream it not!—Our God, the All Just,  
Unto himself reserves this royalty—  
The secret chastening of the guilty heart,  
The fiery touch, the scourge that purifies,  
Leave it with him!—Yet make it not thy *hope*—  
For that strong heart of thine—oh! listen yet—  
Must, in its depths, o'ercome the very wish  
For death or torture to the guilty one,  
Ere it can sleep again.

*Enonio.*

My father speaks

Of change, for man too mighty.

*Herrmann.*

I but speak

Of that which hath been, and again must be,  
If thou wouldest join thy brother, in the life

Of the bright country, where, I well believe,  
His soul rejoices.—*He had known such change.*  
He died in peace. He, whom his tribe once named  
The Avenging Eagle, took to his meek heart,  
In its last pangs, the spirit of those words  
Which, from the Saviour's cross, went up to heaven—  
“*Forgive them, for they know not what they do,*  
*Father, forgive !*”—And o'er the eternal bounds  
Of that celestial kingdom, undefiled,  
Where evil may not enter, he, I deem,  
Hath to his Master passed.—He waits thee there—  
For love, we trust, springs heavenward from the grave.  
Immortal in its holiness.—He calls  
His brother to the land of golden light,  
And ever-living fountains—couldst thou hear  
His voice o'er those bright waters, it would say,  
“ My brother ! oh ! be pure, be merciful !  
That we may meet again.”

*Enonio, (hesitating.)*      Can I return  
Unto my tribe, and unavenged ?

*Herrmann.*

To Him,

To Him return, from whom thine erring steps  
Have wandered far and long!—Return, my son,  
To thy Redeemer!—Died He not in love—  
The sinless, the divine, the Son of God—  
Breathing forgiveness midst all agonies,  
And we, dare we be ruthless?—By His aid  
Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's place  
Midst the pure spirits.—Oh! retrace the way  
Back to thy Saviour! he rejects no heart  
E'en with the dark stains on it, if true tears  
Be o'er them showered.—Aye, weep, thou Indian  
chief!  
  
For, by the kindling moonlight, I behold  
Thy proud lip's working—weep, relieve thy soul!  
Tears will not shame thy manhood, in the hour  
Of its great conflict.

*Enonio, (giving up his weapons to Herrmann.)*

Father, take the bow,

Keep the sharp arrows till the hunters call

Forth to the chase once more.—And let me dwell  
A little while, my father ! by thy side,  
That I may hear the blessed words again—  
Like water brooks amidst the summer hills—  
From thy true lips flow forth ; for in my heart  
The music and the memory of their sound  
Too long have died away.

*Herrmann.*                           O, welcome back,  
Friend, rescued one !—Yes, thou shalt be my guest,  
And we will pray beneath my sycamore  
Together, morn and eve ; and I will spread  
Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep at last—  
After the visiting of holy thoughts—  
With dewy wing shall sink upon thine eyes!—  
Enter my home, and welcome, welcome back  
To peace, to God, thou lost and found again !

[*They go into the cabin together.—HERRMANN,*  
*lingering for a moment on the threshold, looks*  
*up to the starry skies.*

Father ! that from amidst yon glorious worlds

Now look'st on us, thy children ! make this hour  
Blessed for ever ! May it see the birth  
Of thine own image in the unfathomed deep  
Of an immortal soul ;—a thing to name  
With reverential thought, a solemn world !  
To Thee more precious than those thousand stars  
Burning on high in thy majestic Heaven !

**PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY.**

---

The land shall never rue,  
So England to herself do prove but true.

SHAKSPEARE.

---

THROUGH evening's bright repose  
A voice of prayer arose,  
When the sea-fight was done :  
The sons of England knelt,  
With hearts that now could melt,  
For on the wave her battle had been won.

Round their tall ship, the main  
Heaved with a dark red stain,  
Caught not from sunset's cloud ;  
While with the tide swept past  
Pennon and shivered mast,  
Which to the Ocean Queen that day had bow'd.

But free and fair on high,  
A native of the sky,  
*Her streamer met the breeze ;*  
It flowed o'er fearless men,  
Though hushed and child-like then,  
Before their God they gathered on the seas.

Oh ! did not thoughts of home  
O'er each bold spirit come  
*As, from the land, sweet gales ?*  
In every word of prayer  
Had not some hearth a share,  
Some bower, inviolate midst England's vales ?

Yes ! bright green spots that lay  
In beauty far away,

Hearing no billow's roar ;  
Safer from touch of spoil,  
For that day's fiery toil,

Rose on high hearts, that now with love gush'd o'er.

A solemn scene, and dread !

The victors and the dead,  
The breathless burning sky !

And, passing with the race  
Of waves, that keep no trace,

The wild, brief signs of human victory !

A stern, yet holy scene !

Billows, where strife hath been,  
Sinking to awful sleep ;

And words, that breathe the sense  
Of God's omnipotence,

Making a minster of that silent deep.

Borne through such hours afar,  
Thy flag hath been a star,  
Where eagle's wing ne'er flew ;—  
England ! the unprofaned,  
Those of the hearths unstained,  
Oh ! to the banner and the shrine be true !

## EVENING SONG OF THE WEARY.

---

FATHER of Heaven and Earth !

I bless thee for the night,

The soft, still night !

The holy pause of care and mirth,

Of sound and light !

Now, far in glade and dell,

Flower-cup, and bud, and bell,

Have shut around the sleeping woodlark's nest—

The bee's long murmuring toils are done.

And I, the o'erwearied one,

O'erwearied and o'erwrought,  
Bless thee, O God, O Father of th' oppress'd,  
With my last waking thought,  
In the still night !

Yes, e'er I sink to rest,  
By the fire's dying light,  
Thou Lord of Earth and Heaven !  
I bless thee, who hast given  
Unto life's fainting travellers, the night,  
The soft, still, holy night !

## THE DAY OF FLOWERS.

**A MOTHER'S WALK WITH HER CHILD.**

---

One spirit—His  
Who wore the platted thorn with bleeding brows,  
Rules universal nature.—Not a flower  
But shews some touch, in freckle, freak, or stain,  
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires  
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,  
And bathes their eyes with nectar.—  
Happy who walks with him !

COWPER.

---

COME to the woods, my boy !  
Come to the streams and bowery dingles forth,  
My happy child ! The spirit of bright hours

Woos us in every wind ; fresh wild-leaf scents  
From thickets where the lonely stock-dove broods,  
Enter our lattice ; fitful songs of joy  
Float in with each soft current of the air ;  
And we will hear their summons ; we will give  
One day to flowers, and sunshine, and glad thoughts,  
And thou shalt revel midst free nature's wealth,  
And, for thy mother, twine wild wreaths ; while she  
From thy delight, wins to her own fond heart  
The vernal extasy of childhood back :—  
Come to the woods, my boy !

What ! wouldst thou lead already to the path  
Along the copsewood brook ? Come, then ! in truth  
Meet playmate for a child, a blessed child,  
Is a glad singing stream, heard or unheard,  
Singing its melody of happiness  
Amidst the reeds, and bounding in free grace  
To that sweet chime.—With what a sparkling life  
It fills the shadowy dingle ! now the wing

Of some low skimming swallow shakes bright spray  
Forth to the sunshine from its dimpled wave ;  
Now, from some pool of crystal darkness deep,  
The trout springs upward, with a showery gleam  
And plashing sound of waters. What swift rings  
Of mazy insects o'er the shallow tide  
Seem, as they glance, to scatter sparks of light  
From burnished films ! And mark yon silvery line  
Of gossamer, so tremulously hung  
Across the narrow current, from the tuft  
Of hazels to the hoary poplar's bough !  
See, in the air's transparency, how it waves,  
Quivering and glistening with each faintest gale,  
Yet breaking not—a bridge for fairy shapes,  
How delicate, how wondrous !

Yes, my boy !

Well may we make the stream's bright winding vein  
Our woodland guide, for He who made the stream  
Made it a clue to haunts of loveliness,  
For ever deepening. O, forget him not,

Dear child ! that airy gladness which thou feel'st  
Wafting thee after bird and butterfly,  
As 'twere a breeze within thee, is not less  
*His gift, his blessing on thy spring-time hours,*  
Than this rich outward sunshine, mantling all  
The leaves, and grass, and mossy tinted stones  
With summer glory. Stay thy bounding step,  
My merry wanderer ! let us rest a while  
By this clear pool, where, in the shadow flung  
From alder boughs and osiers o'er its breast,  
The soft red of the flowering willow-herb  
So vividly is pictured. Seems it not  
E'en melting to a more transparent glow  
In that pure glass ? Oh ! beautiful are streams !  
And, through all ages, human hearts have loved  
Their music, still accordant with each mood  
Of sadness or of joy. And love hath grown  
Into vain worship, which hath left its trace  
On sculptured urn and altar, gleaming still  
Beneath dim olive boughs, by many a fount

Of Italy and Greece. But we will take  
Our lesson e'en from erring hearts, which blessed  
The river Deities or fountain Nymphs,  
For the cool breeze, and for the freshening shade,  
And the sweet water's tune. The One supreme,  
The all-sustaining, ever-present God,  
Who dowered the soul with immortality,  
Gave also *these* delights, to cheer on earth  
Its fleeting passage ; therefore let us greet  
Each wandering flower scent as a boon from Him,  
Each bird-note, quivering midst light summer leaves,  
And every rich celestial tint unnamed,  
Wherewith transpierced, the clouds of morn and eve,  
Kindle and melt away !

And now, in love,  
In grateful thoughts rejoicing, let us bend  
Our footsteps onward to the dell of flowers  
Around the ruined mansion. Thou, my boy,  
Not yet, I deem, hast visited that lorn  
But lovely spot, whose loveliness for *thee*

Will wear no shadow of subduing thought—  
No colouring from the past. This way our path  
Winds through the hazels ;—mark how brightly  
shoots

The dragon-fly along the sunbeam's line,  
Crossing the leafy gloom. How full of life,  
The life of song, and breezes, and free wings,  
Is all the murmuring shade ! and thine, O *thine* !  
Of all the brightest and the happiest here,  
My blessed child ! *my* gift of God ! that mak'st  
My heart o'erflow with summer !

Hast thou twined  
Thy wreath so soon ! yet will we loiter not,  
Though here the blue-bell wave, and gorgeously  
Round the brown twisted roots of yon scathed oak  
The heath-flower spread its purple. We must leave  
The copse, and through yon broken avenue,  
Shadowed by drooping walnut foliage, reach  
The ruin's glade.

And, lo ! before us, fair,  
Yet desolate, amidst the golden day,  
It stands, that house of silence ! wedded now  
To verdant nature by the o'ermantling growth  
Of leaf and tendril, which fond woman's hands  
Once loved to train. How the rich wall-flower scent  
From every niche and mossy cornice floats,  
Embalming its decay ! The bee alone  
Is murmuring from its casement, whence no more  
Shall the sweet eyes of laughing children shine,  
Watching some homeward footstep. See ! unbound  
From the old fretted stone-work, what thick wreaths  
Of jasmine, borne by waste exuberance down,  
Trail through the grass their gleaming stars, and load  
The air with mournful fragrance, for it speaks  
Of life gone hence ; and the faint southern breath  
Of myrtle leaves from yon forsaken porch,  
Startles the soul with sweetness ! Yet rich knots  
Of garden flowers, far wandering, and self-sown  
Through all the sunny hollow, spread around

A flush of youth and joy, free nature's joy,  
Undimmed by human change. How kindly here,  
With the low thyme and daisies they have blent !  
And, under arches of wild eglantine,  
Drooping from this tall elm, how strangely seems  
The frail gumcistus o'er the turf to snow  
Its pearly flower-leaves down !—Go, happy boy !  
Rove thou at will amidst these roving sweets,  
Whilst I, beside this fallen dial-stone,  
Under the tall moss rose-tree, long unpruned,  
Rest where thick clustering pansies weave around  
Their many tinged mosaic, midst dark grass,  
Bedded like jewels.

He hath bounded on,  
Wild with delight !—the crimson on his cheek  
Purer and richer e'en than that which lies  
In this deep-hearted rose-cup !—Bright moss rose !  
Though now so lorn, yet surely, gracious tree !  
Once thou wert cherished ! and, by human love,  
Through many a summer duly visited

For thy bloom-offerings, which, o'er festal board,  
And youthful brow, and e'en the shaded couch  
Of long secluded sickness, may have shed  
A joy, now lost.

Yet shall there still be joy,  
Where God hath poured forth beauty, and the voice  
Of human love shall still be heard in praise  
Over his glorious gifts!—O Father, Lord!  
The All Beneficent! I bless thy name,  
That thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,  
Linking our hearts to nature! By the love  
Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first  
Into her deep recesses are beguiled,  
Her minster cells; dark glen and forest bower,  
Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of thee,  
Amidst the low religious whisperings  
And shivery leaf-sounds of the solitude,  
The spirit wakes to worship, and is made  
Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,  
Thou callest us, from city throngs and cares,

Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,  
That sing of Thee ! back to free childhood's heart,  
Fresh with the dews of tenderness !—Thou bidd'st  
The lilies of the field with placid smile  
Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse  
Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,  
With their soft holy breath. Thou hast not left  
His purer nature, with its fine desires,  
Uncared for in this universe of thine !  
The glowing rose attests it, the beloved  
Of poet hearts, touched by their fervent dreams  
With spiritual light, and made a source  
Of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to faint age  
Thou lend'st the vernal bliss :—the old man's eye  
Falls on the kindling blossoms, and his soul  
Remembers youth and love, and hopefully  
Turns unto thee, who call'st earth's buried germs  
From dust to splendour ; as the mortal seed  
Shall, at thy summons, from the grave spring up  
To put on glory, to be girt with power,

And filled with immortality. Receive  
Thanks, blessings, love, for these, thy lavish boons,  
And, most of all, their heavenward influences,  
O Thou that gav'st us flowers !

Return, my boy,  
With all thy chaplets and bright bands, return !  
See, with how deep a crimson eve hath touched  
And glorified the ruin ! glow-worm light  
Will twinkle on the dew-drops, e'er we reach  
Our home again. Come, with thy last sweet prayer  
At thy bless'd mother's knee, to-night shall thanks  
Unto our Father in his Heaven arise,  
For all the gladness, all the beauty shed  
O'er one rich day of flowers !

HYMN OF THE TRAVELLER'S HOUSEHOLD  
ON HIS RETURN.

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

---

Joy ! the lost one is restored !  
Sunshine comes to hearth and board.  
From the far-off countries old  
Of the diamond and red gold ;  
From the dusky archer bands,  
Roamers of the fiery sands ;  
From the desert winds, whose breath  
Smites with sudden silent death ;  
He hath reached his home again,  
Where we sing  
In thy praise a fervent strain,  
God our King !

Mightiest ! unto Thee he turned,  
When the noon-day fiercest burned ;  
When the fountain springs were far,  
And the sounds of Arab war  
Swelled upon the sultry blast,  
And the sandy columns past,  
Unto Thee he cried ! and Thou,  
Merciful ! didst hear his vow !  
Therefore unto Thee again  
Joy shall sing,  
Many a sweet and thankful strain,  
God our King !

Thou wert with him on the main,  
And the snowy mountain chain,  
And the rivers, dark and wide,  
Which through Indian forests glide,  
Thou didst guard him from the wrath  
Of the lion in his path,  
And the arrows on the breeze,  
And the dropping poison-trees :

Therefore from our household train  
Oft shall spring  
Unto Thee a blessing strain,  
God our King !

Thou to his lone watching wife  
Hast brought back the light of life !  
Thou hast spared his loving child  
Home to greet him from the wild.  
Though the suns of eastern skies  
On his cheek have set their dyes,  
Though long toils and sleepless cares  
On his brow have blanched the hairs,  
Yet the night of fear is flown,  
He is living, and our own !—  
Brethren ! spread his festal board,  
Hang his mantle and his sword  
With the armour on the wall—  
While this long, long silent hall

**154 HYMN OF THE TRAVELLER'S HOUSEHOLD.**

Joyfully doth hear again  
Voice and string  
Swell to Thee the exulting strain,  
God our King !

## A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

---

BLESSINGS, O Father ! shower,  
Father of mercies ! round his precious head !  
On his lone walks and on his thoughtful hour,  
And the pure visions of his midnight bed,  
Blessings be shed !

Father ! I pray Thee not  
For earthly treasure to that most beloved,  
Fame, fortune, power :—oh ! be his spirit proved  
By these, or by their absence, at Thy will !  
But let Thy peace be wedded to his lot,  
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,  
With its dove-pinion still !

Let such a sense of Thee,  
Thy watching presence, thy sustaining love,  
His bosom guest inalienably be,  
That wheresoe'er he move,  
A heavenly light serene  
Upon his heart and mien  
May sit undimm'd ! a gladness rest his own,  
Unspeakable, and to the world unknown !  
Such as from childhood's morning land of dreams,  
Remember'd faintly, gleams,  
Faintly remember'd, and too swiftly flown !

So let him walk with Thee,  
Made by Thy spirit free ;  
And when Thou call'st him from his mortal place,  
To his last hour be still that sweetness given,  
That joyful trust ! and brightly let him part,  
With lamp clear burning, and unlingering heart,  
Mature to meet in heaven  
His Saviour's face !

## THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK.\*

---

Clasp me a little longer on the brink  
 Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress ;  
 And when this heart hath ceas'd to beat, oh ! think,  
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,  
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
 And friend to more than human friendship just—  
 Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,  
 And by the hope of an immortal trust,  
 God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid in dust !

CAMPBELL.

---

*The scene is in an English cottage. The lattice opens upon a landscape at sunset.*

EUGENE—TERESA.

*Teresa.* The fever's hue hath left thy cheek,  
 belov'd !

Thine eyes, that make the day-spring in my heart,

\* Suggested by the closing scene in the life of the painter Blake, which is beautifully related by Allan Cunningham.

Are clear and still once more!—Wilt thou look forth?

Now, while the sunset, with low streaming light—  
The light thou lov'st—hath made the elm-wood stems

All burning bronze, the river molten gold!

Wilt thou be rais'd upon thy couch, to meet  
The rich air fill'd with wandering scents and sounds?  
Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head once more  
On this true bosom, lulling thee to rest  
With our own evening hymn?

*Eugene.* Not now, dear love,  
My soul is wakeful—lingering to look forth,  
Not on the sun, but thee!—Doth the light sleep  
On the stream tenderly? and are the stems  
Of our own elm trees, by its alchemy,  
So richly chang'd? and is the sweet-brier scent  
Floating around?—But I have said farewell,  
Farewell to earth, Teresa!—not to thee;  
Nor yet to our deep love, nor yet awhile

Unto the spirit of mine art, which flows  
Back on my soul in mastery.—One last work !  
And I will shrine my wealth of glowing thoughts,  
Clinging affections, and undying hopes,  
All, all in that memorial !

*Teresa.*                    O, what dream  
Is this, mine own Eugene ?—Waste thou not thus  
Thy scarce returning strength ; keep thy rich thoughts  
For happier days ! they will not melt away  
Like passing music from the lute—dear friend !  
Dearest of friends ! thou canst win back at will  
The glorious visions.

*Eugene.*                    Yes ! the unseen land  
Of glorious visions hath sent forth a voice  
To call me hence.—Oh ! be thou not deceived !  
Bind to thy heart no *earthly* hope, Teresa !  
I must, *must* leave thee !—Yet be strong, my love,  
As thou hast still been gentle.

*Teresa.*                    O Eugene !  
What will this dim world be to me, Eugene,

When wanting thy bright soul, the life of all ?  
My only sunshine !—How can I bear on ?  
How can we part ? We that have loved so well,  
With clasping spirits linked so long by grief,  
By tears, by prayer ?

*Eugene.*      E'en *therefore* we can part,  
With an immortal trust, that such high love  
Is not of things to perish.

Let me leave

One record still of its ethereal flame  
Brightening thro' death's cold shadow. Once again,  
Stand with thy meek hands folded on thy breast,  
And eyes half veiled, in thine own soul absorbed,  
As in thy watchings, e'er I sink to sleep ;  
And I will give the bending flower-like grace  
Of that soft form, and the still sweetness throned  
On that pale brow, and in that quivering smile  
Of voiceless love, a life that shall outlast  
Their delicate earthly being. There ! thy head  
Bowed down with beauty, and with tenderness,

And lowly thought—even thus—my own Teresa !  
Oh ! the quick glancing radiance and bright bloom  
That once around thee hung, have melted now  
Into more solemn light—but holier far,  
And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes,  
Than all that summer flush ! For by my couch,  
In patient and serene devotedness,  
Thou hast made those rich hues and sunny smiles  
Thine offering unto me. Oh ! I may give  
Those pensive lips, that clear Madonna brow,  
And the sweet earnestness of that dark eye,  
Unto the canvass ;—I may catch the flow  
Of all those drooping locks, and glorify  
With a soft halo what is imaged thus—  
But how much rests unbreathed ! my faithful one !  
What thou hast been to me ! This bitter world,  
This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice  
To greet the gentle spirit, that drives back  
All birds of Eden, which would sojourn here  
A little while—how have I turned away

From its keen soulless air, and in thy heart,  
Found ever the sweet fountain of response,  
To quench my thirst for home !

The dear work grows  
Beneath my hand,—the last !

*Teresa, (falling on his neck in tears.)*

Eugene, Eugene !

Break not my heart with thine excess of love !—  
Oh ! must I lose thee—thou that hast been still  
The tenderest—best—

*Eugene.* Weep, weep not thus, belov'd !  
Let my true heart o'er thine retain its power  
Of soothing to the last !—Mine own Teresa !  
Take strength from strong affection !—Let our souls,  
Ere this brief parting, mingle in one strain  
Of deep, full thanksgiving, for God's rich boon—  
Our perfect love !—Oh ! blessed have we been  
In that high gift ! Thousands o'er earth may pass  
With hearts unfreshen'd by the heavenly dew,

Which hath kept *ours* from withering.—Kneel, true  
wife !

And lay thy hands in mine.—

[*She kneels beside the couch ; he prays.*

O, thus receive  
Thy children's thanks, Creator ! for the love  
Which thou hast granted, through all earthly woes,  
To spread heaven's peace around them ; which hath  
bound

Their spirits to each other and to thee,  
With links whereon unkindness ne'er hath breathed,  
Nor wandering thought. We thank thee, gracious  
God !

For all its treasured memories ! tender cares,  
Fond words, bright, bright sustaining looks un-  
changed

Through tears and joy. O Father ! most of all  
We thank, we bless Thee, for the priceless trust,  
Through Thy redeeming Son vouchsafed, to those  
That love in Thee, of union, in Thy sight,

And in Thy heavens, immortal!—Hear our prayer!  
Take home our fond affections, purified  
To spirit-radiance from all earthly stain;  
Exalted, solemnized, made fit to dwell,  
Father! where all things that are lovely meet,  
And all things that are pure—for evermore,  
With Thee and Thine!

## MOTHER'S LITANY BY THE SICK-BED OF A CHILD.

SAVIOUR, that of woman born,  
Mother-sorrow didst not scorn,  
Thou, with whose last anguish strove  
One dear thought of earthly love ;  
Hear and aid !

Low he lies, my precious child,  
With his spirit wandering wild  
From its gladsome tasks and play,  
And its bright thoughts far away:—

Pain sits heavy on his brow,  
E'en though slumber seal it now;

Round his lip is quivering strife,  
In his hand unquiet life ;  
Aid, oh ! aid.

Saviour ! loose the burning chain  
From his fevered heart and brain,  
Give, oh ! give his young soul back,  
Into its own cloudless track !

Hear and aid !

Thou that said'st, "*awake, arise !*"  
E'en when death had quenched the eyes,  
In this hour of grief's deep sighing,  
When o'erwearied hope is dying !

Hear and aid !

Yet, oh ! make him thine, all thine,  
Saviour ! whether Death's or mine !  
Yet, oh ! pour on human love,  
Strength, trust, patience, from above !

Hear and aid !

## NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

THE WORDS WRITTEN FOR A MELODY BY FELTON.

---

NIGHT sinks on the wave,  
Hollow gusts are sighing ;  
Sea birds to their cave  
Through the gloom are flying.  
Oh ! should storms come sweeping,  
Thou, in Heaven unsleeping,  
O'er thy children vigil keeping,  
Hear, hear, and save !

Stars look o'er the sea,  
Few, and sad, and shrouded ;  
Faith our light must be,  
When all else is clouded.

Thou, whose voice came thrilling,  
Wind and billow stilling,  
Speak once more ! our prayer fulfilling—  
Power dwells with Thee !

**FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE.****A SERIES OF SONNETS**

---

Your tents are desolate ; your stately steps,  
Of all their choral dances, have not left  
One trace beside the fountains : your full cup  
Of gladness and of trembling, each alike  
Is broken : yet, amidst undying things,  
The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still  
All the fresh glories of the early world  
Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,  
Never to change !

## I.

## INVOCATION.

As the tired voyager on stormy seas  
Invokes the coming of bright birds from shore,  
To waft him tidings, with the gentler breeze,  
Of dim sweet woods that hear no billows roar ;  
So from the depth of days, when earth yet wore  
Her solemn beauty and primeval dew,  
I call you, gracious Forms ! Oh ! come, restore  
Awhile that holy freshness, and renew  
Life's morning dreams. Come with the voice, the lyre,  
Daughters of Judah ! with the timbrel rise !  
Ye of the dark prophetic eastern eyes,  
Imperial in their visionary fire ;  
Oh ! steep my soul in that old glorious time,  
When God's own whisper shook the cedars of your  
clime !

## II.

## INVOCATION CONTINUED.

And come, ye faithful ! round Messiah seen,  
With a soft harmony of tears and light  
Streaming through all your spiritual mien,  
As in calm clouds of pearly stillness bright,  
Showers weave with sunshine, and transpierce their  
slight  
Ethereal cradle.—From *your* heart subdued  
All haughty dreams of power had wing'd their flight,  
And left high place for martyr fortitude,  
True faith, long suffering love.—Come to me, come !  
And, as the seas beneath your master's tread  
Fell into crystal smoothness, round him spread  
Like the clear pavement of his heavenly home ;  
So in your presence, let the soul's great deep  
Sink to the gentleness of infant sleep.

## III.

## THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

A song for Israel's God !—Spear, crest, and helm,  
Lay by the billows of the old Red Sea,  
When Miriam's voice o'er that sepulchral realm  
Sent on the blast a hymn of jubilee ;  
With her lit eye, and long hair floating free,  
Queen-like she stood, and glorious was the strain,  
E'en as instinct with the tempestuous glee  
Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the slain.

A song for God's own victory !—O, thy lays,  
Bright Poesy ! were holy in their birth :—  
How hath it died, thy seraph note of praise,  
In the bewildering melodies of earth !  
Return from troubling bitter founts—return,  
Back to the life-springs of thy native urn !

## IV.

## RUTH.

The plume-like swaying of the auburn corn,  
By soft winds to a dreamy motion fann'd,  
Still brings me back thine image—Oh ! forlorn,  
Yet not forsaken, Ruth !—I see thee stand  
Lone, midst the gladness of the harvest band—  
Lone as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam,  
Fall'n in its weariness. Thy father land  
Smiles far away ! yet to the sense of home,  
That finest, purest, which can recognize  
Home in affection's glance, for ever true  
Beats thy calm heart ; and if thy gentle eyes  
Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not to rue  
Those words, immortal in their deep Love's tone,  
*“ Thy people and thy God shall be mine own !”*

## V.

## THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH.

" And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven ; and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."—*2 Sam. xxi. 10.*

Who watches on the mountain with the dead,  
 Alone before the awfulness of night?—  
 A seer awaiting the deep spirit's might?  
 A warrior guarding some dark pass of dread?  
 No, a lorn woman!—On her drooping head,  
 Once proudly graceful, heavy beats the rain;  
 She recks not—living for the unburied slain,  
 Only to scare the vulture from their bed.

So, night by night, her vigil hath she kept  
 With the pale stars, and with the dews hath wept;—  
 Oh ! surely some bright Presence from above  
 On those wild rocks the lonely one must aid!—  
 E'en so ; a strengthener through all storm and shade,  
 Th' unconquerable Angel, mightiest Love!

## VI.

## THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAMITE WOMAN.

“ And she answered, I dwell among mine own people.”  
*2 Kings*, iv. 13.

“ I dwell among mine own,”—Oh ! happy thou !  
 Not for the sunny clusters of the vine,  
 Nor for the olives on the mountain’s brow ;  
 Nor the flocks wandering by the flowery line  
 Of streams, that make the green land where they  
     shine  
 Laugh to the light of waters—not for these,  
 Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,  
 Whose kindly whisper floats o’er thee and thine—  
 Oh ! not for *these* I call thee richly blest,  
 But for the meekness of thy woman’s breast,  
     Where that sweet depth of still contentment lies ;  
 And for thy holy household love, which clings  
     Unto all ancient and familiar things,  
 Weaving from each some link for home’s dear  
     charities.

## VII.

## THE ANNUNCIATION.

Lowliest of women, and most glorified !

In thy still beauty sitting calm and lone,  
A brightness round thee grew—and by thy side  
Kindling the air, a form ethereal shone,  
Solemn, yet breathing gladness.—From her throne  
A queen had risen with more imperial eye,  
A stately prophetess of victory  
From her proud lyre had struck a tempest's tone,  
For such high tidings as to *thee* were brought,  
Chosen of Heaven ! that hour :—but thou, O  
thou !  
E'en as a flower with gracious rains o'erfraught,  
Thy virgin head beneath its crown didst bow,  
And take to thy meek breast th' all holy word,  
And own thyself *the handmaid of the Lord.*

## VIII.

## THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN.

Yet as a sun-burst flushing mountain snow,  
    Fell the celestial touch of fire ere long  
On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful brow,  
    And thy calm spirit lightened into song.  
    Unconsciously perchance, yet free and strong  
Flowed the majestic joy of tuneful words,  
    Which living harps the quires of Heaven among  
Might well have linked with their divinest chords.  
    Full many a strain, borne far on glory's blast,  
Shall leave, where once its haughty music pass'd,  
    No more to memory than a reed's faint sigh ;  
While thine, O childlike virgin ! through all time  
Shall send its fervent breath o'er every clime,  
    Being of God, and therefore not to die.

## IX.

## THE PENITENT ANOINTING CHRIST'S FEET.

There was a mournfulness in angel eyes,  
That saw thee, woman ! bright in this world's train,  
Moving to pleasure's airy melodies,  
Thyself the idol of the enchanted strain.  
But from thy beauty's garland, brief and vain,  
When one by one the rose-leaves had been torn,  
When thy heart's core had quivered to the pain  
Through every life-nerve sent by arrowy scorn ;  
When thou didst kneel to pour sweet odours forth  
On the Redeemer's feet, with many a sigh,  
And showering tear-drop, of yet richer worth  
Than all those costly balms of Araby ;  
*Then* was there joy, a song of joy in Heaven,  
*For* thee, the child won back, the penitent forgiven !

X.

MARY AT THE FEET OF CHRIST.

Oh ! blest beyond all daughters of the earth !

What were the Orient's thrones to that low seat,  
Where thy hushed spirit drew celestial birth ?

Mary ! meek listener at the Saviour's feet !

No feverish cares to that divine retreat  
Thy woman's heart of silent worship brought,  
But a fresh childhood, heavenly truth to meet,  
With love, and wonder, and submissive thought.

Oh ! for the holy quiet of thy breast,  
Midst the world's eager tones and footsteps flying !  
Thou, whose calm soul was like a well-spring, lying  
So deep and still in its transparent rest,  
That e'en when noon tide burns upon the hills,  
Some one bright solemn star all its lone mirror fills.

## XI.

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY AFTER THE DEATH OF  
LAZARUS.

One grief, one faith, O sisters of the dead !  
Was in your bosoms—thou, whose steps, made  
fleet  
By keen hope fluttering in the heart which bled,  
Bore thee, as wings, the Lord of Life to greet ;  
And thou, that duteous in thy still retreat  
Didst wait his summons—then with reverent love  
Fall weeping at the blest Deliverer's feet,  
Whom e'en to heavenly tears thy woe could move.  
And which to *Him*, the All Seeing and All Just  
Was loveliest, that quick zeal, or lowly trust ?  
Oh ! question not, and let no law be given  
To those unveilings of its deepest shrine,  
By the wrung spirit made in outward sign :  
Free service from the heart is all in all to Heaven.

## XII.

## THE MEMORIAL OF MARY.

"Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."—*Matthew, xxvi. 13.*—See also *John, xii. 3.*

Thou hast thy record in the monarch's hall ;  
 And on the waters of the far mid sea ;  
 And where the mighty mountain-shadows fall,  
 The alpine hamlet keeps a thought of thee :  
 Where'er, beneath some Oriental tree,  
 The Christian traveller rests—where'er the child  
 Looks upward from the English mother's knee,  
 With earnest eyes in wondering reverence mild,  
 There art thou known—where'er the Book of Light  
 Bears hope and healing, there, beyond all blight,  
 Is borne thy memory, and all praise above :  
 Oh ! say what deed so lifted thy sweet name,  
 Mary ! to that pure silent place of fame ?  
 One lowly offering of exceeding love.

## XIII.

## THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM AT THE CROSS.

Like those pale stars of tempest hours, whose gleam  
Waves calm and constant on the rocking mast,  
Such by the Cross doth your bright lingering seem,  
Daughters of Zion ! faithful to the last !

Ye, through the darkness o'er the wide earth  
cast

By the death-cloud within the Saviour's eye,  
E'en till away the heavenly spirit pass'd,  
Stood in the shadow of his agony.

O blessed faith ! a guiding lamp, that hour,  
Was lit for woman's heart ; to her, whose dower  
Is all of love and suffering from her birth ;  
Still hath your act a voice—through fear, through  
strife,

Bidding her bind each tendril of her life,  
To that which her deep soul hath prov'd of holiest  
worth.

## XIV.

## MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE.

Weeper ! to thee how bright a morn was given :  
After thy long, long vigil of despair,  
When that high voice which burial rocks had riven,  
Thrilled with immortal tones the silent air !  
Never did clarion's royal blast declare  
Such tale of victory to a breathless crowd,  
As the deep sweetness of *one* word could bear  
Into thy heart of hearts, O woman ! bowed  
By strong affection's anguish !—one low word—  
“ *Mary !* ”—and all the triumph wrung from  
death  
Was thus revealed ! and thou, that so hadst err'd,  
So wept, and been forgiven; in trembling faith  
Didst cast thee down before th' all conquering Son,  
Awed by the mighty gift thy tears and love had won !

## XV.

MARY MAGDALENE BEARING TIDINGS OF THE  
RESURRECTION.

Then was a task of glory all thine own,  
Nobler than e'er the still small voice assigned  
To lips, in awful music making known  
The stormy splendours of some prophet's mind.  
“Christ is arisen!”—by thee, to wake mankind,  
First from the sepulchre those words were brought!  
  
Thou wert to send the mighty rushing wind  
First on its way, with those high tidings fraught—  
“*Christ is arisen!*”—Thou, *thou*, the sin enthralled,  
Earth's outcast, Heaven's own ransomed one, wert  
called  
  
In human hearts to give that rapture birth :  
Oh ! raised from shame to brightness!—*there* doth  
lie  
  
The tenderest meaning of *His* ministry,  
Whose undespairing love still owned the spirit's  
worth.

### THE TWO MONUMENTS.

---

Oh ! blest are they who live and die like " him,"  
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourn'd !

WORDSWORTH.

---

BANNERS hung drooping from on high  
In a dim cathedral's nave,  
Making a gorgeous canopy  
O'er a noble, noble grave !

And a marble warrior's form beneath,  
With helm and crest array'd,  
As on his battle bed of death,  
Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet linger'd in his eye,  
Ere by the dark night seal'd,  
And his head was pillow'd haughtily  
On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy pile  
With the glory of his wing,  
An eagle sat ;—yet seem'd the while  
Panting through Heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shiver'd lance,  
There by the sculptor bound ;  
But in the light of his lifted glance  
Was *that* which scorn'd the ground.

And a burning flood of gem-like hues  
From a storied window pour'd,  
There fell, there centred, to suffuse  
The conqueror and his sword.

A flood of hues !—but *one* rich dye  
O'er all supremely spread,  
With a purple robe of royalty  
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for *him* whose name  
Was a trumpet note in war,  
His pathway still the march of fame,  
His eye the battle star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown  
From the colour'd light one ray,  
Where a low and pale memorial stone  
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chisell'd *there*,  
Mourning for parted worth ;  
But the very heart of love and prayer  
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had been  
As a hidden streamlet's course,  
Bearing on health and joy unseen,  
From its clear mountain source :

Whose young pure memory, lying deep  
Midst rock, and wood, and hill,  
Dwelt in the homes where poor men sleep,\*  
A soft light meek and still :

Whose gentle voice, too early call'd  
Unto Music's land away,  
Had won for God the earth's enthralld,  
By words of silvery sway.

These were *his* victories—yet enroll'd  
In no high song of fame,  
The pastor of the mountain-fold  
Left but to Heaven his name.

\* Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie.

To Heaven and to the peasant's hearth,  
A blessed household sound—  
And finding lowly love on earth,  
Enough, enough, he found !

Bright and more bright before me gleam'd  
That sainted image still ;  
Till one sweet moonlight memory seem'd  
The regal fane to fill.

Oh ! how my silent spirit turn'd  
From those proud trophies nigh ;  
How my full heart within me burn'd  
Like *Him* to live and die !

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

---

FORGET them not ! though now their name  
Be but a mournful sound,  
Though by the hearth its utterance claim  
A stillness round :

Though for their sake this earth no more  
As it hath been, may be,  
And shadows, never marked before,  
Brood o'er each tree :

And though their image dim the sky,  
Yet, yet, forget them not !  
Nor, where their love and life went by,  
Forsake the spot !

They have a breathing influence there,  
A charm not elsewhere found ;  
Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,  
The stream, the ground.

Then, though the wind an alter'd tone  
Through the young foliage bear,  
Though every flower, of something gone,  
A tinge may wear :

Oh, fly it not!—no *fruitless* grief  
Thus in their presence felt,  
A record links to every leaf,  
There, where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their tread,  
Still tend their garden bower,  
Still commune with the holy dead,  
In each lone hour.

The *holy* dead!—oh! blest we are,  
That we may call them so,  
And to their image look afar,  
Through all our woe!

Blest, that the things they lov'd on earth  
As relics we may hold,  
That wake sweet thoughts of parted worth  
By springs untold!

Blest, that a deep and chastening power  
Thus o'er our souls is given,  
If but to bird, or song, or flower,  
Yet, all for Heaven.

### ANGEL VISITS.

---

No more of talk where God or angel guest  
With man, as with his friend, familiar used  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast.

MILTON.

---

ARE ye for ever to your skies departed ?  
Oh ! will ye visit this dim world no more ?  
Ye, whose bright wings a solemn splendour darted  
Through Eden's fresh and flowering shades of yore ?  
Now are the fountains dried on that sweet spot,  
And ye—our faded earth beholds you not !

Yet, by your shining eyes not all forsaken,  
Man wandered from his Paradise away ;  
Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to waken,  
Came down, high guests ! in many a later day,  
And with the Patriarchs, under vine or oak,  
Midst noon tide calm or hush of evening, spoke.

From you, the veil of midnight-darkness rending,  
Came the rich mysteries to the Sleeper's eye,  
That saw your hosts ascending and descending  
On those bright steps between the earth and sky :  
Trembling he woke, and bowed o'er glory's trace,  
And worshipped, awe-struck, in that fearful place.

By Chebar's\* brook ye passed, such radiance wearing  
As mortal vision might but ill endure ;  
Along the stream the living chariot bearing,  
With its high crystal arch, intensely pure !  
And the dread rushing of your wings that hour,  
Was like the noise of waters in their power.

\* Ezekiel, chap. x.

But in the Olive-mount, by night appearing,  
Midst the dim leaves, your holiest work was done !  
Whose was the voice that came divinely cheering,  
Fraught with the breath of God, to aid his Son ?—  
Haply of those that, on the moon-lit plains,  
Wafted good tidings unto Syrian swains.

Yet one more task was yours ! your heavenly dwelling  
Ye left, and by th' unsealed sepulchral stone,  
In glorious raiment, sat ; the weepers telling,  
That *He* they sought had triumphed, and was gone !  
Now have ye left us for the brighter shore,  
Your presence lights the lonely groves no more.

But may ye not, unseen, around us hover,  
With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet,  
Though the fresh glory of those days be over,  
When, midst the palm trees, man your footsteps met ?  
Are ye not near when faith and hope rise high,  
When love, by strength, o'ermasters agony ?

Are ye not near when sorrow, unrepining,  
Yields up life's treasures unto Him who gave ?  
When martyrs, all things for His sake resigning,  
Lead on the march of death, serenely brave ?  
Dreams !—but a deeper thought our souls may fill—  
One, One *is* near—a Spirit holier still !

---

### A PENITENT'S RETURN.

---

Can guilt or misery ever enter here ?  
Ah ! no, the spirit of domestic peace,  
Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,  
And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,  
Guards, powerful as the sword of Cherubim,  
The hallow'd Porch. She hath a heavenly smile,  
That sinks into the sullen soul of vice,  
And wins him o'er to virtue.

WILSON.

---

My father's house once more,  
In its own moonlight beauty ! Yet around,  
Something, amidst the dewy calm profound,  
Broods, never mark'd before !

Is it the brooding night,  
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,  
That makes the home, so tranquil and so fair,  
O'erwhelming to my sight?

All solemnized it seems,  
And still'd, and darken'd in each time-worn hue,  
Since the rich clustering roses met my view,  
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last  
I stood and linger'd—where my sisters made  
Our mother's bower—I deem'd not that it cast  
So far and dark a shade!

How spirit-like a tone  
Sighs through yon tree! My father's place was there  
At evening hours, while soft winds waved his hair!  
Now those grey locks are gone!

My soul grows faint with fear !  
Even as if angel steps had mark'd the sod.  
I tremble where I move—the voice of God  
Is in the foliage here !

Is it indeed the night  
That makes my home so awful ? Faithless hearted !  
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed  
The inborn gladd'ning light !

No outward thing is changed ;  
Only the joy of purity is fled,  
And, long from nature's melodies estranged,  
Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore, the calm abode,  
By thy dark spirit, is o'erhung with shade ;  
And, therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God  
Makes thy sick heart afraid !

The night-flowers round that door,  
Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air ;  
Thou, thou alone art worthy now no more  
To pass, and rest thee there .

And must I turn away ?—  
Hark, hark !—it is my mother's voice I hear—  
Sadder than once it seem'd—yet soft and clear—  
.      Doth she not seem to pray ?

My name !—I caught the sound !  
Oh ! blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild—  
Mother, my mother ! Now receive thy child,  
Take back the lost and found !

### A THOUGHT OF PARADISE.

---

We receive but what we give,  
 And in our life alone does nature live :  
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !  
 And would we aught behold of higher worth  
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
 To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd ;  
 Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth  
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,  
 Enveloping the earth—  
 And from the soul itself must there be sent  
 A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,  
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

**COLERIDGE.**

---

GREEN spot of holy ground !  
 If thou couldst yet be found,  
 Far in deep woods, with all thy starry flowers ;  
 If not one sullying breath  
 Of time, or change, or death,  
 Had touched the vernal glory of thy bowers ;

Might our tired pilgrim-feet,  
Worn by the desert's heat,  
On the bright freshness of thy turf repose ?  
Might our eyes wander there  
Through heaven's transparent air,  
And rest on colours of the immortal rose ?

Say, would thy balmy skies  
And fountain-melodies  
Our heritage of lost delight restore ?  
Could thy soft honey-dews  
Through all our veins diffuse  
The early, child-like, trustful sleep once more ?

And might we, in the shade  
By thy tall cedars made,  
With angel voices high communion hold ?  
Would their sweet solemn tone  
Give back the music gone,  
Our Being's harmony, so jarred of old ?

Oh ! no—thy sunny hours  
Might come with blossom showers,  
All thy young leaves to spirit lyres might thrill ;  
But *we*—should we not bring  
Into thy realms of spring  
The shadows of our souls to haunt us still ?

What could *thy* flowers and airs  
Do for our earth-born cares ?  
Would the world's chain melt off and leave us free ?  
No !—past each living stream,  
Still would some fever dream  
Track the lorn wanderers, meet no more for thee !

Should we not shrink with fear,  
If angel steps were near,  
Feeling our burdened souls within us die ?  
How might our passions brook  
The still and searching look,  
The star-like glance of seraph purity ?

Thy golden-fruited grove  
Was not for pining love ;  
Vain sadness would but dim thy crystal skies !  
Oh ! *Thou* wert but a part  
Of what man's exiled heart  
Hath lost—the dower of *inborn* Paradise !

### LET US DEPART.

---

It is mentioned by Josephus, that, a short time previously to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the priests, going by night into the inner court of the temple to perform their sacred ministrations at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking, and heard a rushing noise, and, after that, a sound as of a great multitude saying, "Let us depart hence."

---

NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,  
And a brooding hush profound  
Lay where the Roman eagle shone,  
High o'er the tents around,

The tents that rose by thousands,  
In the moonlight glimmering pale ;  
Like white waves of a frozen sea,  
Filling an Alpine vale.

And the Temple's massy shadow  
Fell broad, and dark, and still,  
In peace, as if the Holy One  
Yet watch'd his chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard  
In that old fane's deepest heart,  
As if mighty wings rush'd by,  
And a dread voice rais'd the cry,  
“ Let us depart ! ”

Within the fated city  
E'en then fierce discord raved,  
Though o'er night's heaven the comet sword  
It's vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare  
Through the dark streets ringing high,  
Though every sign was full which told  
Of the bloody vintage nigh.

Though the wild red spears and arrows  
Of many a meteor host,  
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,  
In the sky now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard  
In the Temple's deepest heart,  
As if mighty wings rush'd by,  
And a voice cried mournfully,  
“ Let us depart ! ”

But within the fated city  
There was revelry that night ;  
The wine-cup and the timbrel note,  
And the blaze of banquet light.

The footsteps of the dancer  
Went bounding through the hall,  
And the music of the dulcimer  
Summon'd to festival.  
•

While the clash of brother weapons  
Made lightning in the air,  
And the dying at the palace gates  
Lay down in their despair.

And that fearful sound was heard  
At the Temple's thrilling heart,  
As if mighty wings rush'd by,  
And a dread voice rais'd the cry,  
“ *Let us depart !*”

ON A PICTURE OF CHRIST BEARING  
THE CROSS.

PAINTED BY VELASQUEZ.\*

---

By the dark stillness brooding in the sky,  
Holiest of sufferers ! round thy path of woe,  
And by the weight of mortal agony  
Laid on thy drooping form and pale meek brow,  
My heart was awed : the burden of thy pain  
Sank on me with a mystery and a chain.

I look'd once more, and, as the virtue shed  
Forth from thy robe of old, so fell a ray  
Of victory from thy mien ! and round thy head,  
The halo, melting spirit-like away,  
Seem'd of the very soul's bright rising born,  
To glorify all sorrow, shame, and scorn.

\* This picture is in the possession of the Viscount Harberton, Merrion Square, Dublin.

Through the bright battle-clime,  
Where laurel boughs make dim the Grecian streams,  
And reeds are whispering of heroic themes,  
By temples of old time :

Through the north's ancient halls,  
Where banners thrill'd of yore, where harp strings  
rung,  
But grass waves now o'er those that fought and sung—  
Hearth-light hath left their walls !

Through forests old and dim,  
Where o'er the leaves dread magic seems to brood,  
And sometimes on the haunted solitude  
Rises the pilgrim's hymn :

Or where some fountain lies,  
With lotus-cups through orient spice-woods gleam-  
ing !  
There have ye been, ye wanderers ! idly dreaming  
Of man's lost paradise !

Return, my thoughts, return !

Cares wait your presence in life's daily track,

And voices, not of music, call you back—

Harsh voices, cold and stern !

Oh ! no, return ye not !

Still farther, loftier, let your soarings be !

Go, bring me strength from journeyings bright and  
free,

O'er many a haunted spot.

Go, seek the martyr's grave,

Midst the old mountains, and the deserts vast ;

Or, through the ruin'd cities of the past,

Follow the wise and brave !

Go, visit cell and shrine !

Where woman hath endured !—through wrong,  
through scorn,

Uncheer'd by fame, yet silently upborne

*By promptings more divine !*

Go, shoot the gulf of death !  
Track the pure spirit where no chain can bind,  
Where the heart's boundless love its rest may find,  
Where the storm sends no breath !

Higher, and yet more high !  
Shake off the cumbering chain which earth would  
    lay  
On your victorious wings—mount, mount !—Your  
    way  
Is through eternity !

## SONNETS,

## DEVOTIONAL AND MEMORIAL.

## I.

## THE SACRED HARP.

How shall the Harp of poesy regain  
 That old victorious tone of prophet-years,  
 A spell divine o'er guilt's perturbing fears,  
 And all the hovering shadows of the brain ?  
 Dark evil wings took flight before the strain,  
 And showers of holy quiet, with its fall,  
 Sank on the soul :—Oh ! who may now recall  
 The mighty music's consecrated reign ?—  
 Spirit of God ! whose glory once o'erhung  
 A throne, the Ark's dread cherubim between,  
 So let thy presence brood, though now unseen,  
 O'er those two powers by whom the harp is strung—  
 Feeling and Thought !—till the rekindled chords  
 Give the long buried tone back to immortal words !

## II.

## TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

Whathousehold thoughts around thee, as their shrine,  
Cling reverently!—of anxious looks beguiled  
My mother's eyes, upon thy page divine,  
Each day were bent;—her accents, gravely mild  
Breathed out thy lore: whilst I, a dreamy child  
Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away,  
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,  
Some fresh discover'd nook for woodland play,  
Some secret nest:—yet would the solemn Word  
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,  
Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be  
A seed not lost;—for which, in darker years,  
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,  
Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee!

## III.

## REPOSE OF A HOLY FAMILY.

From an Old Italian Picture.

Under a palm tree, by the green old Nile,  
Lull'd on his mother's breast, the fair Child lies,  
With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile,  
Brooding above the slumber of his eyes.  
While, through the stillness of the burning skies,  
Lo ! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,  
Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,  
Regal and still as everlasting things !—  
Vain pomps ! from Him, with that pure flowery  
cheek,  
Soft shadowed by his mother's drooping head,  
A new born Spirit, mighty, and yet meek,  
O'er the whole world like vernal air shall spread !  
And bid all earthly Grandeurs cast the crown,  
Before the suffering and the lowly, down.

## IV.

## PICTURE OF THE INFANT CHRIST WITH FLOWERS.

All the bright hues from eastern garlands glowing,  
Round the young Child luxuriantly are spread ;  
Gifts, fairer far than Magian kings, bestowing  
In adoration, o'er his cradle shed.

Roses, deep-filled with rich midsummer's red,  
Circle his hands ; but, in his grave sweet eye,  
Thought seems e'en now to wake, and prophecy  
Of ruder coronals for that meek head.

And thus it was ! a diadem of thorn  
Earth gave to Him who mantled her with flowers,  
To him who pour'd forth blessings in soft showers  
O'er all her paths, a cup of bitter scorn !  
And *we* repine, for whom that cup He took,  
O'er blooms that mock'd our hope, o'er idols that  
forsook !

## V.

## ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST.

An Ecce Homo, by Leonardo da Vinci.

I met that image on a mirthful day  
Of youth ; and, sinking with a still'd surprise,  
The pride of life, before those holy eyes,  
In my quick heart died thoughtfully away,  
Abash'd to mute confession of a sway,  
Awful, tho' meek ; and now, that from the strings  
Of my soul's lyre, the tempest's mighty wings  
Have struck forth tones which then awaken'd lay ;  
Now, that around the deep life of my mind,  
Affections, deathless as itself, have twined,  
Oft does the pale bright vision still float by ;  
But more divinely sweet, and speaking *now*  
Of One whose pity, throned on that sad brow,  
Sounded all depths of love, grief, death, humanity !

## VI.

## THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLEST.

Happy were they, the mothers, in whose sight  
Ye grew, fair children ! hallowed from that hour  
By your Lord's blessing ! surely thence a shower  
Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted light  
Hung on your brows and eyelids, meekly bright,  
Through all the after years, which saw ye move  
Lowly, yet still majestic, in the might,  
The conscious glory of the Saviour's love !  
And honoured be all childhood, for the sake  
Of that high love ! Let reverential care  
Watch to behold the immortal spirit wake,  
And shield its first bloom from unholy air ;  
Owning, in each young suppliant glance, the sign  
Of claims upon a heritage divine.

## VII.

## MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES.

“ He went up to a mountain apart to pray.”

A child midst ancient mountains I have stood,  
Where the wild falcons make their lordly nest  
On high. The spirit of the solitude  
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast,  
Though then I prayed not ; but deep thoughts have  
pressed  
Into my being since it breathed that air,  
Nor could I *now* one moment live the guest  
Of such dread scenes, without the springs of prayer  
O'erflowing all my soul. No minsters rise  
Like them in pure communion with the skies,  
Vast, silent, open unto night and day ;  
So might the o'erburdened Son of man have felt,  
When, turning where inviolate stillness dwelt,  
He sought high mountains, there apart to pray.

## VIII.

## THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

" Consider the lilies of the field."

Flowers ! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye  
Fell on your gentle beauty—when from you  
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,  
Eternal, universal, as the sky—  
Then, in the bosom of your purity,  
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,  
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by  
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine.  
And though too oft its low, celestial sound,  
By the harsh notes of work-day Care is drown'd,  
And the loud steps of vain unlistening Haste,  
Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power  
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hush'd  
hour,  
Than yours, ye Lilies ! chosen thus and graced !

## IX.

## THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.

“ And behold the birds of the air.”

Ye too, the free and fearless Birds of air,  
Were charg'd that hour, on missionary wing,  
The same bright lesson o'er the seas to bear,  
Heaven-guided wanderers with the winds of spring !  
Sing on, before the storm and after, sing !  
And call us to your echoing woods away  
From worldly cares ; and bid our spirits bring  
Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your lay.  
So may those blessed vernal strains renew  
Childhood, a childhood yet more pure and true  
E'en than the first, within th' awaken'd mind ;  
While sweetly, joyously, they tell of life,  
That knows no doubts, no questionings, no strife,  
But hangs upon its God, unconsciously resigned.

## X.

## THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

"And he that was dead sat up and began to speak."

*He that was dead rose up and spoke*—He spoke !

Was it of that majestic world unknown ?

Those words, which first the bier's dread silence broke,

Came they with revelation in each tone ?

Were the far cities of the nations gone,

The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,

For man uncurtain'd by that spirit lone,

Back from their portal summon'd o'er the deep ?

Be hush'd, my soul ! the veil of darkness lay

Still drawn :—thy Lord call'd back the voice departed,

To spread his truth, to comfort his weak-hearted,

Not to reveal the mysteries of its way.

Oh ! take that lesson home in silent faith,

Put on submissive strength to *meet*, not *question*,

death !

## XI.

## THE OLIVE TREE.

The Palm—the Vine—the Cedar—each hath power  
To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by,  
And each quick glistening of the Laurel bower  
Wafts Grecian images o'er fancy's eye.  
But thou, pale Olive!—in *thy* branches lie  
Far deeper spells than prophet-grove of old  
Might e'er enshrine:—I could not hear thee sigh  
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold  
One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,  
Without high thoughts and solemn, of that scene  
When, in the garden, the Redeemer prayed—  
When pale stars looked upon his fainting head,  
And angels, minist'ring in silent dread,  
Trembled, perchance, within *thy* trembling shade.

## XII.

## THE DARKNESS OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

On Judah's hills a weight of darkness hung,  
Felt shudderingly at noon :—the land had driven  
A Guest divine back to the gates of Heaven,  
A life, whence all pure founts of healing sprung,  
All grace, all truth :—and, when to anguish wrung,  
From the sharp cross th' enlightening spirit fled,  
O'er the forsaken earth a pall of dread  
By the great shadow of that death was flung.  
O Saviour ! O Atoner ! thou that fain  
Wouldst make thy temple in each human breast,  
Leave not such darkness in my soul to reign,  
Ne'er may thy presence from its depths depart,  
Chas'd thence by guilt ! Oh ! turn not *thou* away,  
The bright and morning star, my guide to perfect day !

## XIII.

## PLACES OF WORSHIP.

“ God is a Spirit.”

Spirit ! whose life-sustaining presence fills  
Air, ocean, central depths by man untried,  
Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified  
All place, all time ! The silence of the hills  
Breathes veneration :—founts and choral rills  
Of thee are murmuring :—to its inmost glade  
The living forest with thy whisper thrills,  
And there is holiness on every shade.  
Yet must the thoughtful soul of man invest  
With dearer consecration those pure fanes,  
Which, sever'd from all sound of earth's unrest,  
Hear nought but suppliant or adoring strains  
Rise heavenward.—Ne'er may rock or cave possess  
*Their* claim on human hearts to solemn tenderness.

## XIV.

**OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH PARK**

Crowning a flowery slope it stood alone  
In gracious sanctity. A bright rill wound,  
Caressingly, about the holy ground ;  
And warbled, with a never-dying tone,  
Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages gone  
Seemed, from that ivied porch, that solemn gleam  
Of tower and cross, pale quivering on the stream,  
O'er all th' ancestral woodlands to be thrown,  
And something yet more deep. The air was fraught  
With noble memories, whispering many a thought  
Of England's fathers ; loftily serene,  
They that had toil'd, watch'd, struggled, to secure,  
Within such fabrics, worship free and pure,  
Reigned there, the o'ershadowing spirits of the scene.

## XV.

## A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES.

Blessings be round it still ! that gleaming fane,  
Low in its mountain-glen ! old mossy trees  
Mellow the sunshine through the untinted pane,  
And oft, borne in upon some fitful breeze,  
The deep sound of the ever-pealing seas,  
Filling the hollows with its anthem-tone,  
There meets the voice of psalms !—yet not alone,  
For memories lulling to the heart as these,  
I bless thee, midst thy rocks, grey house of prayer !  
But for *their* sakes who unto thee repair  
From the hill-cabins and the ocean-shore.  
Oh ! may the fisher and the mountaineer,  
Words to sustain earth's toiling children hear,  
Within thy lowly walls for evermore !

## XVI.

LOUISE SCHEPLER.

Louise Schepler was the faithful servant and friend of the pastor Oberlin. The last letter addressed by him to his children for their perusal after his decease, affectingly commemorates her unwearied zeal in visiting and instructing the children of the mountain hamlets, through all seasons, and in all circumstances of difficulty and danger.

A fearless journeyer o'er the mountain snow  
Wert thou, Louise ! the sun's decaying light,  
Oft, with its latest melancholy glow,  
Redden'd thy steep wild way : the starry night  
Oft met thee, crossing some lone eagle's height,  
Piercing some dark ravine : and many a dell  
Knew, through its ancient rock-recesses well,  
Thy gentle presence, which hath made them bright  
Oft in mid-storms ; oh ! not with beauty's eye,  
Nor the proud glance of genius keenly burning ;  
No ! pilgrim of unwearying charity !  
Thy spell was *love*—the mountain deserts turning  
To blessed realms, where stream and rock rejoice,  
*When* the glad human soul lifts a thanksgiving voice !

## XVII.

## TO THE SAME.

For thou, a holy shepherdess and kind,  
Through the pine forests, by the upland rills,  
Didst roam to seek the children of the hills,  
A wild neglected flock ! to seek, and find,  
And meekly win ! there feeding each young mind  
With balms of heavenly eloquence : not *thine*,  
Daughter of Christ ! but his, whose love divine  
Its own clear spirit in thy breast had shrin'd,  
A burning light ! Oh ! beautiful, in truth,  
Upon the mountains are the feet of those  
Who bear his tidings ! From thy morn of youth,  
For this were all thy journeyings, and the close  
Of that long path, Heaven's own bright sabbath-  
rest,  
Must wait thee, wanderer ! on thy Saviour's breast.

## LINES

## TO A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

CREATURE of air and light !

Emblem of that which will not fade or die !

Wilt thou not speed thy flight,

To chase the south wind through the glowing sky ?

What lures thee thus to stay,

With silence and decay,

Fixed on the wreck of cold mortality ?

The thoughts, once chamber'd there,

Have gathered up their treasures, and are gone ;—

Will the dust tell thee where

That which hath burst the prison-house is flown ?

Rise, nursling of the day !

If thou would'st trace its way—

Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanished bird,  
Near the deserted nest and broken shell?  
Far thence, by us unheard,  
He sings, rejoicing in the woods to dwell;  
Thou of the sunshine born,  
Take the bright wings of morn!  
*Thy* hope springs heavenward from yon ruined cell.

**THE PALMER.**

---

The faded palm-branch in his hand,  
Shew'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

SCOTT.

---

ART thou come from the far-off land at last ?  
Thou that hast wander'd long !  
Thou art come to a home whence the smile hath pass'd,  
With the merry voice of song.

For the sunny glance and the bounding heart  
Thou wilt seek—but all are gone ;  
They are parted c'en as waters part,  
To meet in the deep alone !

And thou—from thy lip is fled the glow,  
From thine eye the light of morn ;  
And the shades of thought o'erhang thy brow,  
And thy cheek with life is worn.

Say what hast thou brought from the distant shore  
For thy wasted youth to pay ?  
Hast thou treasure to win thee joys once more ?  
Hast thou vassals to smooth thy way ?

“ I have brought but the palm branch in my hand,  
Yet I call not my bright youth lost !  
I have won but high thought in the Holy Land,  
Yet I count not too dear the cost !

“ I look on the leaves of the deathless tree—  
These records of my track ;  
And better than youth in its flush of glee,  
Are the memories they give me back !

“ They speak of toil, and of high emprise,  
As in words of solemn cheer,  
They speak of lonely victories  
O'er pain, and doubt, and fear.

“ They speak of scenes which have now become  
Bright pictures in my breast ;  
Where my spirit finds a glorious home,  
And the love of my heart can rest.

“ The colours pass not from *these* away,  
Like tints of shower or sun ;  
Oh ! beyond all treasures that know decay,  
Is the wealth my soul hath won !

“ A rich light thence o'er my life's decline,  
An inborn light is cast ;  
For the sake of the palm from the holy shrine,  
I bewail not my bright days past !”

## THE WATER-LILY.

---

The Water-Lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water,  
but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.

*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.*

Oh ! beautiful thou art,  
Thou sculpture-like and stately River-Queen !  
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene  
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave !  
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,  
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave  
Dwelt in thy cell :

Lifting alike thy head  
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,  
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread  
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,  
The gentle and the firm ? thus bearing up  
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,  
As to the shower ?

Oh ! Love is most like thee,  
The love of woman ; quivering to the blast  
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,  
Midst Life's dark sea.

And Faith—O, is not faith  
Like thee too, Lily, springing into light,  
Still buoyantly, above the billows' might,  
Through the storm's breath ?

Yes, link'd with such high thought,  
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie !  
Till something there of its own purity  
And peace be wrought :

Something yet more divine  
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed  
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,  
As from a shrine.

THOUGHT FROM AN ITALIAN POET.

---

WHERE shall I find, in all this fleeting earth,  
This world of changes and farewells, a friend  
That will not fail me in his love and worth,  
Tender, and firm, and faithful to the end ?

Far hath my spirit sought a place of rest—  
Long on vain idols its devotion shed ;  
Some have forsaken whom I loved the best,  
And some deceived, and some are with the dead.

But *thou*, my Saviour ! thou, my hope and trust,  
Faithful art thou when friends and joys depart ;  
Teach me to lift these yearnings from the dust,  
And fix on thee, th' Unchanging One, my heart !

## ELYSIUM.

---

“ In the Elysium of the ancients, we find none but heroes and persons who had either been fortunate or distinguished on earth ; the children, and apparently the slaves and lower classes, that is to say, Poverty, Misfortune, and Innocence, were banished to the infernal regions.”

CHATEAUBRIAND, *Génie du Christianisme.*

---

FAIR wert thou in the dreams  
Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers,  
And summer winds, and low-toned silvery streams  
Dim with the shadows of thy laurel-bowers !

Where as they passed, bright hours  
Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings  
To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things !

Fair wert thou, with the light  
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,  
From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,  
Yet soft, as if each moment were their last  
    Of glory, fading fast  
Along the mountains!—but *thy* golden day  
Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,  
A swell of deep Æolian sound went by,  
From fountain-voices in their secret glades,  
And low reed-whispers, making sweet reply  
    To summer's breezy sigh!  
And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath  
Which ne'er had touched them with a hue of death!

And the transparent sky  
Rang as a dome, all thrilling to the strain  
Of harps that, midst the woods, made harmony  
Solemn and sweet; yet troubling not the brain  
    With dreams and yearnings vain,

And dim remembrances, that still draw birth  
From the bewildering music of the earth.

And who, with silent tread,  
Moved o'er the plains of waving Asphodel?  
Called from the dim procession of the Dead,  
Who, midst the shadowy amaranth-bowers might  
dwell,

And listen to the swell  
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale  
The spirit wandering in the immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,  
With the bright wine at nations' feasts, went round!  
They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays  
Forth on the winds had sent their mighty sound,  
And in all regions found  
Their echoes midst the mountains!—and become  
In man's deep heart as voices of his home!

They of the daring thought !  
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied—  
Whose flight through stars, and seas, and depths had  
sought  
The soul's far birthplace—but without a guide !  
Sages and seers, who died,  
And left the world their high mysterious dreams,  
Born midst the olive-woods, by Grecian streams.

But the most *lov'd* are they  
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice  
In regal halls ! the shades o'erhang their way,  
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,  
And gentle hearts rejoice  
Around their steps ; till, silently, they die,  
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And these—of whose abode,  
Midst her green vallies, earth retained no trace,  
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,

A shade of sadness on some kindred face,  
A dim and vacant place  
In some sweet home ;—thou hadst no wreaths for  
*these*,  
Thou sunny land ! with all thy deathless trees !

The peasant at his door  
Might sink to die when vintage feasts were spread,  
And songs on every wind ! From *thy* bright shore  
No lovelier vision floated round his head—  
Thou wert for nobler dead !  
He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,  
And sighed to bid the festal Sun farewell !

The slave, whose very tears  
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose breast  
Kept the mute woes and burning thoughts of years,  
As embers in a burial urn compress'd ;  
He might not be thy guest !  
No gentle breathings from thy distant sky  
Came o'er *his* path, and whispered “ Liberty !”

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,  
Unlike a gift of nature to decay,  
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,  
The child at rest before the mother lay,  
E'en so to pass away,  
With its bright smile!—Elysium! what wert thou  
To her, who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!  
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,  
With life's fresh flowers just opening in its hand,  
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown,  
Which, in its clear eye, shone  
Like spring's first wakening! but that light was past—  
Where went the dew-drop swept before the blast?

Not where thy soft winds play'd,  
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep!  
Fade with thy bowers, thou land of visions, fade!

From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,  
And bade man cease to weep !  
Fade, with the amaranth-plain, the myrtle-grove,  
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love !

This poem, written some years ago, is re-published from a volume now out of print ; the train of thought it suggests appearing not unsuitable to the spirit of the present work.

THE END.

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